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WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 24, 1894.

SIXPENCE.
By Post, 6½d.



PRINCESS BONAPARTE AS MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MESSRS. RUSSELL AND SONS, BAKER STREET, W.

THE PANORAMA OF THE WEEK.

Tuesday. To-day, for the first time in London, a newspaper was printed by electricity. This is the *Pall Mall Gazette*, which, since its injection of Cockayne, has become the cleverest of the evening newspapers.—The first steamer bringing a cargo of cotton along the Manchester Ship Canal was safely towed into Salford Docks to-day.—Sir George Chesney added one more terror to the life of John Bull by declaring at the Junior Constitutional Club that it was the Army that was the undoubtedly weak point of our Imperial defence.—The annual conference of the Miners' Federation opened at Leicester.—Mr. John M. Swan and Mr. Arthur Hacker, painters, are the new A.R.A.'s.—Of the 3410 fires in London last year, only 180 resulted in serious damage; eighty-two people lost their lives.—Mr. E. T. Cook, editor of the *Westminster Gazette*, lectured on Ruskin, who, he said, wrote on so many subjects that a complete index to his works would resemble a Mrs. Beeton or "Enquire Within for Everything."—W. Wichtendahl, wool-buyer, was struck in January, 1892, by a star in the constellation of the Plough (Gracechurch Street) in the person of a barmaid. He asked the maiden to marry him, for he was of opinion that it would "take the strength of a Samson to separate our hearts." But the marriage never came off, and Mr. Justice Hawkins gave the lady £25 damages to-day.—Extradition was granted at Bow Street Police Court against Alfred Mattei, who is charged with robbing the Bank of Rome of nine million lire.—That modest, intrepid explorer, Dr. J. W. Gregory, has given an account of his expedition to Mount Kenia before the Royal Geographical Society, of which he is the youngest member.

Wednesday. The report that Box Hill is likely to fall a prey to the speculating builder has caused the keenest attention in Surrey. Mr. George Meredith has made it famous as his home, and it is long since Colonel Chesney made it figure in his "Battle of Dorking." To London excursionists its disappearance would be a distinct loss.—A great fire occurred to-night in a cork warehouse in the Minories.—Mr. Acland must have gladdened the heart of the Association of Principals and Lecturers in Training Colleges by the speech he delivered at their annual meeting to-day. In the next Code he is to make systematic physical exercise some definite part of its curriculum.—Jabez Balfour, having become Sultan at the Gaiety Theatre, is reported to be leading a semi-sultanic career of luxury in real life at Flores, Argentina. Hobbs, on the other hand, has "quite settled down to the monotonous round of prison life. Knitting is his favourite occupation." Perhaps he will send a "comforter" to the jaunty Jabez.—Martial law has been proclaimed in Carrara. The rebel bands are said to include 3000 women.—By a railway accident near Chester, South Carolina, where two railway systems intersect, twenty-five people lost their lives.—The New South Wales Parliament was opened to-day.—Mr. Mercier, the ex-Premier of Canada, and father of one of the young men who tried to blow up the Nelson monument in Montreal, addressing the judge at their trial to-day, expressed regret for what had occurred.—Recent earthquakes are reported to have destroyed many hundreds of people in the province of Urga, Mongolia.

Thursday. Sir West Ridgeway and Lady Ridgeway paid their first visit to Ramsey since the former became Governor of the Isle of Man. The town decorated itself gaily for the occasion.—Lord Kelvin discoursed on "Homogeneous Partition of Space" at the Royal Society. The unhappy newspaper reporter must have had a warm hour over his Lordship's "parallelopipedal" bodies and "tetrakaidekahedronal" figures.—Mr. John Wilkinson, head of the famous book-buying firm of Sotheby and Wilkinson, has died at the age of ninety. He ceased to frequent the sale-rooms only four years ago.—A youth, C. T. Ritchie, was committed for trial at the Lambeth Police Court on the charge of having tried to murder a retired clergyman named Ellingham.—Purchased in the Argentine Republic, exhibited at the Wild West Show, and now limping between the shafts of a London growler—that is the history of a horse whose owner was fined forty shillings, and who appealed against the police court decision, which, however, was upheld by Sir Forrest Fulton to-day at the County Sessions.—The notorious Mrs. Thompson once more created a scene in the Law Courts.—A special commission has been appointed to investigate the arming and provisioning of the French Navy.—Lobengula is now reported to be anxious to surrender.—Young Mercier and his two companions were fined twenty-five dollars for trying to blow up the Nelson monument.—It is said that 180 picked men from British Columbia have been enrolled to proceed to Honolulu to act as a body-guard to Queen Liliuokalani.

Friday. Professor Dewar addressed one of the largest and most brilliant audiences that ever gathered in the theatre of the Royal Institution to hear the first of the Friday evening discourses for the ensuing season. He carried out some of his wonderful experiments on the freezing of liquid air.—The Miners' Conference carried a resolution in favour of the nationalisation of mines.—Mrs. Thompson again appeared in the Law Courts to-day. Lord Coleridge promised to look into her case.—Interim injunctions, pending appeal, were granted against Madame and Louis Tussaud's exhibiting a model of Monson.—The Zierenbergs were committed for trial on the charge of perjury.—The sorry news from Sierra Leone

has been followed by an account of Colonel Ellis's successful attack on the Sofas, in which 200 of the enemy were killed, 77 taken prisoners, and over 400 slaves rescued. Only two of the attacking force, including Lieutenant Gwynn, R.E., were wounded.

Saturday. The money market was utterly disorganised to-day by the sudden announcement that the Indian Government had issued a notification that it has abandoned its minimum for the sale of its drafts and is prepared to receive suitable tenders. Accordingly, there was a fall of 1 3-8 in rupee paper, and silver was unquotable.—Samoa is again in difficulties. The natives of Aana have revolted, and proclaimed Tamasese, the son of the former German puppet-king, their sovereign. The people of Savii hold allegiance to Malietoa.—A disconcerting story comes from Johannesburg, where Captain Francis, of Raaff's Rangers, declares that he saw prisoners shot by the Bechuana Police.—Prior to "Cinderella" appearing at the Lyceum this morning the mummers' good fairy, in the shape of the Actors' Benevolent Fund, held court on the stage, under Mr. Tree's chairmanship. During the year 910 cases were assisted. Mr. Tree put in a plea for the hearty support of Actors' Saturday.—A very clever series of robberies was committed this evening at the receiving offices of the Midland Railway Company, when a man, having equipped himself with one of the company's collecting vans, represented himself to the officials as a supernumerary carman, and was given a quantity of parcels for the evening mail. Having deposited his booty in some hiding-place, he had the impudence to drive the van back to St. Pancras—empty, of course.—A Miss Annie Luker, who was one of the Beckwith troupe at Boyton's Water Show, made a sensational dive of 90 feet this afternoon at the Aquarium.—A County Down woman was charged at Banbridge to-day for the murder of her husband, a farmer.—Both the sons of the Czar are ill.—The Pittsburgh Window-Glass Workers' Association has lent the Chambers Glass Company 50,000 dollars. This is, perhaps, the first case in which organised labour has been called on to lend money to capital.

Sunday. The situation in Serbia has once more become critical, for ex-King Milan, despite the decree of expulsion, arrived in Belgrade to-day, and the Cabinet, in anticipation of his visit, have resigned office. He was very warmly received by the Servians.—Alderman Tillett, speaking at Hackney on the ethics of the Labour question, said that if the loafer in fustian was not entitled to sympathy neither was the loafer in broadcloth.—Mrs. Marx-Aveling addressed the Playgoers' Club on the attitude of the stage towards politics and religion. Her view that the suitability of these topics for dramatic treatment had been amply demonstrated met with little support.—The *Daily Chronicle* thinks the dedication festival at the church of St. Agnes, Kennington Park, to-day was observed with a more advanced ritual and outward semblance to Roman Catholic ceremonial than have, probably, been witnessed in any metropolitan church of the Establishment.—The surrender of arms in Italy continues peaceably.—The French have sustained a serious reverse in Tonquin.

Monday. An incident worthy of the attention of writers of boys' books is reported from Melbourne, where a Glasgow four-master, the *Trafalgar*, has arrived in charge of an apprentice, eighteen years of age. The captain, chief officers, the cook, and two seamen had died of Java fever during the voyage, and the lad navigated the ship shorthanded from Batavia to Melbourne.—An inquest was held to-day on the mutilated remains of the young woman who was found on the North London Railway at Hackney.—The water show at "Constantinople in London" was begun to-day.—The Russian Minister of the Interior has sanctioned the publication of a new journal, which is to enjoy the especial privilege of immunity from the censorship prior to publication. It is to be called the *Voice of Russia*, and will deal with politics and literature.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.—MR. TREE,
Sole Lessee and Manager.

EVERY EVENING at 8.
THE CHARLATAN.
A new play of Modern Life, by Robert Buchanan.
Mr. Tree, Messrs. Fred Terry, Frederick Kerr, N. Gould, C. Allan, H. Clark, Montagu Hay, Miss Lily Hanbury, Miss Gertrude Kingston, Miss Irene Vanbrugh, Mrs. Brooke, and Mrs. Tree.
MATINEE of THE CHARLATAN, Saturday next, Jan. 27, at 2.30.
Box-office (Mr. Leverton) 10 till 5. HAYMARKET.

LYCEUM THEATRE.—Sole Lessee, MR. HENRY IRVING.
TWICE DAILY, at 1.30 and 7.30.
MR. OSCAR BARRETT'S FAIRY PANTOMIME,
CINDERELLA.

Written by Mr. Horace Lennard.
"The very prettiest fairy play seen in the memory of the oldest playgoer."—Daily Telegraph.
Box-office open 10 to 5. Seats secured by letter or telegram. Mr. Joseph Hurst, Acting Manager.

DALY'S THEATRE, Leicester Square.—AUGUSTIN DALY'S
COMPANY OF COMEDIANS. EVERY EVENING, at 8, until further notice (doors open 7.30), Shakspeare's comedy of TWELFTH NIGHT. MISS ADA REHAN as VIOLA.
"A companion picture to her Rosalind."—Times. "This enchanting comedy was never given with such harmony and good taste."—Telegraph. MATINEES of TWELFTH NIGHT, Saturday next, at 2, and Saturdays, Feb. 3 and 10. Box-office daily, 9 to 5. Seats at all Libraries.

CONSTANTINOPLE. OLYMPIA.
TOTALLY UNPRECEDENTED TRIUMPH. ALL RECORDS ECLIPSED.

MAGNIFICENT SPECTACLE. 2000 Performers, Most Gigantic Scenic Effects, Marvellous Dances, Exciting Sports, Marvellous Replica of Constantinople, Magnificent Palaces and Mosques, Bazaars, Fleets of Real Turkish Caiques, Waters of the Bosphorus, Bridge of Boats, Marvellous Subterranean Lake, Hall of One Thousand and One Columns, Illuminated Fairy Palace, Astounding Tableaux of the Arabian Nights.

TWICE DAILY, 12 noon and 6 p.m.
Admission everywhere, including Reserved Seat for Grand Spectacle, 1s., 2s., 3s., 4s., and 5s. No extra charges. Seats from 3s. booked at all Box-offices and at Olympia.



MISS KATHLEEN GREEN'S ORIGINAL EXTRAVAGANZA "ST. GEORGE AND THE DRAGON."
PERFORMED AT THE BOYS' HOME, REGENT'S PARK ROAD, BEFORE THE LORD MAYOR.

A TALK WITH "HELEN MATHERS."

The door was opened by a grey-haired old man, from whose appearance and manner I guessed at once that Mr. Reeves, the husband of Miss Helen Mathers, is a consulting doctor. He looked at me in a pitying, half-scornful manner, which seemed to say, "I can diagnose your case, and there isn't much the matter with you—nothing of sufficient importance to interest us." "Is Mrs. Reeves at home?" I asked. "No, Sir, Mr. Reeves is out; we do not have consultations at this hour." It took me five minutes to persuade him that I wanted to see Mrs. Reeves, for he was as deaf as a restaurant waiter to the voice of an old lady. When, in order to avoid the difficulty of distinguishing in sound between Mr. and Mrs., I suggested "Miss Helen Mathers," he said she did not live there, and he had never heard of her. At length he led me to "the oak-room." Such a room! I quite forgot my mission while examining the wonderful wood-carving. All round is panelling of finely carved oak belonging to the Jacobean period. At one end stands a high mirror with elaborate work, Italian in style for frame work, and two huge figures as supporters; between it and the fireplace a bas-relief by Grinling Gibbons of a boar chase. The fireplace itself has a Francis I. wrought-steel grate, and a mantelpiece and overmantel of old oak, taken from an antique altar: in this are striking busts of Queen Elizabeth and Leicester, while Joan of Arc and her jailer act as caryatides. The door is a beautiful example of English Renaissance work, with a winged cherub in the centre of the lintel and two large male figures on pedestals as the jambs. I was so fascinated by the room that I felt almost vexed when my deaf friend asked me to "Come this way, please."

To tell the truth—lawyers and journalists must occasionally—I fancied that I had to deal with a middle-aged authoress, since I have heard of "Comin' Thro' the Rye" for at least a dozen years; so I was pleasantly disappointed when I found myself in the presence of a handsome woman, with chestnut hair and grey eyes, whose portrait will dispel any ridiculous ideas about her age.

"Mrs. Reeves, I—"

"Oh, yes, I know; you thought me an old fogey—everyone seems to. Why, only the other day a paper was talking of my 'still retaining' this and that quality. Really, one is a fool to write a book when a mere girl, as I was at the time 'Comin' Thro' the Rye' was published. All the world supposes that a novelist cannot make a hit till she's thirty, and so they stick at least fifteen years on to my age."

"But they've only to see you to take off thirty—at least, I mean nothing of the kind," I hastened to add, seeing how I had come to grief in jumping at a compliment. "I mean—"

"Now, don't try to get out of it. Am I writing a novel now? Well, I've lately finished one, and Messrs. F. V. White and Co. will publish it almost immediately. It's to be called 'Basil: A Man of To-Day,' and I'm sure nobody will read it, and, to tell the truth, I take no interest in it or my writing now. I think old fogies like me ought to be buried, with our pens and ink-pots, and not allowed out till after a solemn promise to write no more. What's the good of my competing with such brilliant young writers as Kipling, 'John Oliver Hobbes,' Sarah Grand, Amélie Rives, Zangwill, and Jerome? No; of course I did not always look on my work in that light. When 'Comin' Thro' the Rye' was published, I was only just out of my teens—I thought I should make a splash in the world. I nearly cried when people said I imitated Miss Broughton. It wasn't true—'Nancy' had not been published then. Moreover, all the people in the book were real people I had met and studied. Curiously enough, the Luttrell Court in the book really is Stecphill Castle, Ventnor, where the Hambroughs lived."

This led to some talk about the Ardlamont case, which she asked me not to reproduce, since the poor dead boy was the son of Mrs. Reeves's sister, and she herself was very fond of him. One matter I venture to mention, it is so strange. On the day of Cecil Hambrough's death Mrs. Reeves was at Brighton; the night before she could not sleep, and she woke up in a state of depression and full of fear. She told her hostess she was sure that something dreadful had happened, and, of course, was laughed at for saying so. She travelled up from Brighton, and in the train was oppressed by forebodings of disaster to her son Phil. When she reached home her husband was out, and there was no news, good or bad. Then she went shopping, and on her return found

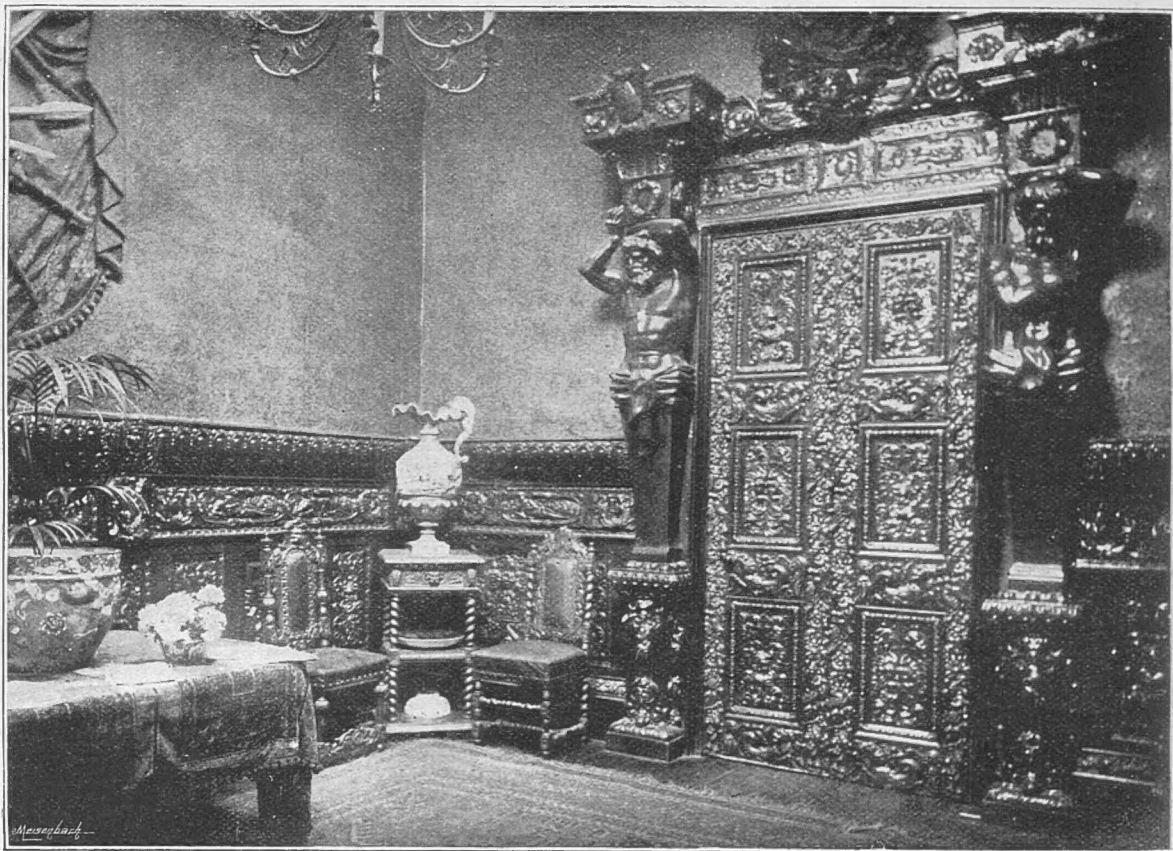
her husband with a telegram in his hand. He refused to show it to her, till she said, "It's Phil"; then he handed it to her. "Cecil is killed—gun accident."

It was very difficult to get her to talk about herself and her work.

"I've really no time for writing, and only take up pen at odds and ends of time, and I'm prouder of being mother of my boy than parent of my works, and I'm prouder of my husband's books—though I don't read them; he doesn't read mine, either—than my own. But I mustn't talk about him; he forbids it." I have had, therefore, to take the trouble of finding out for myself that Mr. H. A. Reeves is author of a standard work on "Human Morphology" and a book on "Human Deformities," a subject in which he is a specialist, as well as other medical treatises that I need not name. "I have no time for writing," she insisted, "for I have first my duties to husband, son, and household, to say nothing of ten brothers and sisters. Was my husband one of the real people in 'Comin' Thro' the Rye'? No; I wasn't married then. I'm glad he wasn't, there's such a lot of bad grammar in it. I did put him in one—no, of course I won't say which. How many have I written? About a dozen full-blown novels, and, of course, short stories, &c. The most successful? I can hardly say—perhaps 'Cherry Ripe,' 'Jock o' Hazledean,' 'Eyre's Acquittal,' and, of course, 'The Rye.'"

"Where," I asked, "does the oak come from? Is it yours?"

"I wish it were. No; it's been in the house, which belongs to the Duke of Westminster, for ages. Come and look at it. You see, this room was really built out, they say, by one of the Georges, and there's



MRS. REEVES'S DRAWING-ROOM.

Photo by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street, W.

a sort of back door to it. Rumour pretends that it served as a sort of—of—"

"Extra-conjugal palace for his amorous Majesty. Did he put up that notice, 'Mr. Reeves's fee for consultation is —'?" It's a very sensible idea to let the patient know exactly his duty beforehand. And those splendid jars?"

"Oh! I had three, and one was smashed to bits when I was out of town. There are only two others like them in London, and some day I shall 'burgle' them if I can. But you won't say much about my books, will you? I'd like to show you my boy—he's a splendid young fellow. He went out just before you came in. Will you wait?"

I looked at my watch, found I had already stayed too long, pleaded a prior engagement at my chambers, declined tea or whisky-and-soda, stole a photograph for reproduction, and said good-bye to one of the brightest and most charming women that my profession and good fortune have ever caused me to meet.

E. F.-S.

THE VIRTUES OF VICTORIA.

If all our colonies were as beautifully illustrated as Victoria has been in a handsome folio, embellished with the "Crisp Photo" process pictures of Messrs. F. W. Niven and Co., art printers, Ballarat and Melbourne, Greater Britain would not be the somewhat far-off region that it is. The volume under notice has been supplied with letterpress by various experts, the whole being edited by Mr. E. Jerome Dyer. The illustrations are admirable, covering a great variety of places and subjects. To all those who are interested in the progress of pictorial art this work will be welcomed.



"HELEN MATHERS" (MRS. REEVES).

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY WALERY, REGENT STREET, W.

THE PLAY AND ITS STORY.

"THE CHARLATAN," AT THE HAYMARKET THEATRE.

She awoke and shrieked with terror. No wonder was it, for Isabel Arlington found herself at night dressed in a garment not intended by ladies for publication to other men than their doctors and husbands, in the turret-room of Wanborough Castle, and by her side stood the mysterious Philip Woodville, the man whose love she had spurned on the ground that he was a scoundrel!

"How came I here? Let me go! Don't come near me!" &c., cried the lady, and he answered, "You were walking in your sleep, and you shall not go till I have made a confession to you." She persisted in her desire to leave; perhaps she was cold—at any rate, she was frightened of the man, and also feared that someone might come and draw uncharitable conclusions about this strange interview. However, he was obdurate, and made her stay; nor did he even lend her his dressing-gown or offer a drink. Then he told her that he was an impostor. I, however, must tell you a good deal more about him.

Philip Woodville, son of an Englishman and a Parsee, and born in India, spent his life in the East, studying theosophy, mesmerism, and hypnotism, apparently as a means of making a dishonest living. At Simla he met Isabel and courted her; but, though he made a deep impression on her, she rejected his suit. She was then with her father, a man who had that restlessness of the feet that causes people to become great travellers: he left her and went on an expedition to Tibet, and she returned to England and became the guest of her uncle, the Earl of Wanborough. Two years passed; no news came of her father, so all save Isabel thought him dead. She was in deep distress; nor did her courtship by a young peer with a big fortune and little manners cheer her.

It was a curious household. The Earl, an elderly widower, was a student of theosophy, and sat at the pretty feet of a mysterious Russian adventuress named Madame Obnoskin, who talked nonsense in long words to him, and hoped to capture his coronet. His daughter Carlotta was a simple country girl, who, as suitor, had a second cousin named Darrell, a young man who spent most of his time in studying his self and trying to evolve himself in manufacturing empty paradoxes on the model of Mr. Oscar Wilde, and making notes of the good things he said in order to put them in the book he was writing by himself and for himself. This creature wished to marry Carlotta, and made her a proposal, prefacing it with the remark that "marriage is a conventional and somewhat immoral institution." Of course, she refused him.

One day Madame Obnoskin, on the strength of a telegram, announced to the Earl that she had been informed by the spirits that a great adept was going to pay a visit, and soon after Philip Woodville arrived. The two appear to have been confederates, though she did not know that Philip had come after Isabel, a penniless girl. What was the object of their original conspiracy we shall not know until Mr. Robert Buchanan has written long letters to the papers explaining everything—except the stupidity of his critics. Philip at once proceeded to renew his suit to Isabel, who treated it alternately with scorn and consideration, and she had the pleasure of being quarrelled over by the Charlatan and the boorish peer.

Now, Woodville happened to have learnt that Isabel's father really was alive, and so he resolved to use his knowledge in furtherance of a trick. He induced the Earl to have a *séance* in the house, and to it were invited all the inmates of the moment, and also some comic persons—an elderly scientist, "too old to have arrived at any conclusions," a Broad Church dean, who defined a Materialist as a "man who professes to know everything" and an Agnostic as one "who admits that he knows nothing," the dean's wife, and priggish Girton daughter. In their presence the Oriental impostor and the Russian mystery produced a Kilyani tableau-like vision of Isabel's father, and convinced the girl that he still lived. A moment later the Earl opened a telegram seeming to confirm the message of the vision.

That night Philip had an unpleasant row with the other pretender to Isabel's hand, who roundly called him rogue and cheat, and threatened to proclaim him as impostor in every London club. However, the angry peer was induced to retire by Woodville's promise to leave the house early on the morrow.

Then Philip had a chat with the Earl, who showed him a secret door leading through the tapestry out of his room, and soon left him alone. After a soliloquy, in which he argued with himself about his state of mind towards Isabel, he finally determined that, since she had spurned him, he would ruin her. Going to the window, and looking towards the distant room in which she lay asleep, he performed a feat unparalleled in the curious history of hypnotism. He had not previously hypnotised the girl, had never "suggested" any orders to her, and yet, though he could neither see nor touch her, though distance intervened, he summoned her to come to his room, and she came. A wonderful man, the Charlatan!

She came, fresh risen from her bed, walking in a trance. He bade her say whether she loved him or not. To his surprise, joy, and terror, she said "Yes." She had loved him from the first, yet, despising him, had hidden her love. At this discovery the man's heart almost stopped beating; shame, hope, horror, fear, longing, and still hope, ran through him, and repentance was weightiest of all. He would do her no wrong;

he would send her away unharmed, and tell her all the shameless truth. However, for reasons hard to discover, instead of bidding her return at once, and so sparing her the shame and humiliation of such a situation, he called her from her trance and brought her to full consciousness.

No sooner had Woodville made his confession than a tapping was heard at the chamber door. However, he was able to send her away by the secret passage through the tapestry. Next day he told the whole truth to the Earl and Isabel's other lover: and Madame Obnoskin, disgusted to find herself "blown upon" by his confession, supplemented it by telling them of Isabel's visit to his room, whereupon the peer promptly gave up the young lady, who could hardly be considered a Caesar's wife. Probably she will one day be Woodville's, for, though he went away, it was with the warmest assurance of her love and hope of his prompt return.

The play is very uneven in quality. At its best, as in the *séance* scene, it is cleverly handled, and very effective. Unfortunately, the main figures are lifeless. The Charlatan, Isabel, and the boorish peer seem merely Captain Swift, his sweetheart, and boy rival, rendered a little more complex in feeling, but not much nearer truth. There is the air of insincerity that runs through all Mr. Buchanan's plays, of which this is about the best, and the feeling of mechanical effort in characterisation. Darrell is a rather clever caricature, spoilt by a ridiculous conversion of him in the last act to a kind of muscular Christianity. The Charlatan himself is a puzzle; he pretends to be an impostor, yet shows in the hypnotic scene powers hitherto not proved to exist, while his sudden repentance is not handled so as to seem convincing. However, the audience appeared to like the piece very well, and it may fairly be called a clever sample of the class of genteel melodrama.

In the acting, Mrs. Tree, by a charming performance as Isabel, to which she gave a curious eerie flavour, deserves highest praise, though little short of it is due to her husband for his very able performance as Woodville, in which, as usual, he showed remarkable powers of characterisation. Miss Lily Hanbury played prettily, and Mr. F. Kerr's Darrell was a very clever piece of work; while Mr. N. Gould as the Earl, and Mr. H. Clark as the elderly scientist, did work of real ability. I cannot help saying that the first scene was wonderfully painted and contrived by Mr. W. Hann.

"A GAUNTLET," AT THE ROYALTY THEATRE.

Björnson's play, "En Hanske," has been treated almost as evilly by Mr. G. P. Hawtrey as was Ibsen's "A Doll's House" by Mr. Henry Arthur Jones in his mutilated version called "Breaking a Butterfly." It is very hard upon foreign dramatists that they thus be misrepresented. The great Norwegian poet and politician has written a serious play dealing with one aspect of the subject so ably handled by Mr. Pinero in "The Profligate," while the adapter presents a work in which one of the chief characters, the doctor who acts as a sort of chorus, is entirely omitted, and his place is taken by a low comedy musician and a lady who has a comic meal and reminds one of Olympe in the supper act of "La Dame aux Camélias." She, I believe, comes from a German acting version of the drama.

Perhaps one is not quite vexed at this maltreatment of the play, for there are many critics bitterly averse to the Norwegian drama, and had a true version been produced by the present company it would have fallen flat and left them good grounds for belittling Björnson. As it is, the most malevolently inclined can hardly attack the dramatist because of the weakness of "A Gauntlet." Even in its present form "A Gauntlet" is a play that would be by no means uninteresting were the part of Svava, the heroine, really acted; but those who have found excuses for the shortcomings of Miss Annie Rose in the other parts she has lately attempted cannot pretend that the present effort has any redeeming features. It is simply a misconception of a part badly carried out.

The question of the equality of the obligations of the two sexes in the matter of chastity is rather touched upon than really threshed out in "A Gauntlet." We have Svava refusing to marry her betrothed because she finds that he has had an intrigue with a married woman. We see her wavering when she learns that her father, whom she loves, has been no better than her lover; but then the situation is thrown away, for when her would-be husband tries to persuade her to forgive him he acts like a fool and a cad. No girl even with the common standard of morality could stand the cynical, callous attitude of the man and his insulting suggestion that she has a second nature as gross and sensual as his.

Really, the play would have had a crux if Alf had been repentant, if he had sought to excuse, not justify, if there were anything in his conduct to give hope for the future. Unfortunately, those who thought in a worldly way that Svava pushed her theories too far felt that she was right in striking the man with her glove—from which act comes the title—and utterly ending matters. An unsatisfactory ending it was, and I believe quite different from the original, in which a whole act comes after this. One is glad to have seen the piece; one would be sorry to go again; people were not bored, but disappointed. Mr. Hawtrey made some amends by acting ably, and Mr. Elliot played cleverly, though he missed the *bonhomie* of Björnson's frivolous parent.

NOTES FROM THE THEATRES.

There are ideas which play the part of Will-o'-the-Wisp to dramatists. They are really funny and seem to promise splendid plots, yet in the end lead to empty theatres and empty pockets. People with the French mania for classification would divide these ideas into two classes—the “blind alleys” and the “literary frauds.” The first are traps for young dramatists, the second for the old. The “blind alleys” are those which lead up to splendid complications to which no effective *dénouements* can

“spook” to make fun of the spiritualists who summoned it from the vasty depths. Moreover, one should get laughter out of the efforts of the ghost to aid the matrimonial efforts of the nephew whom he cruelly disinherited.

Unfortunately, though an entertaining book might be made on the subject, it serves ill for a play. The first appearance of the ghost to his nephew is effective enough; the bewilderment of the others, who see the nephew's horror and hear him address what seems to them vain air works well. Yet as soon as we and the nephew are accustomed to the ghost its obvious solidity makes it impossible to feel that the others fail



MISS CARRIE COOTE.

be found. They are like the situation in the famous novel of Mark Twain that he had to abandon because he saw no horn of salvation in the dilemma that he had created. The pity is young writers differ from the American humourist—they do not abandon the play.

The older hands generally escape because, after carefully and completely working out the *scenario*, they see that the play comes to pieces towards the close, and they are not lured away by the thought that “the second act is strong enough to pull it through.” The “literary frauds” to which they succumb are ideas such as those underlying “Uncle's Ghost,” the new farce by Mr. W. Sapte, junior—by-the-bye, who is Mr. W. Sapte, senior? It seems humorous enough to have a spirit on a three-days' exeat from his lately acquired home and visible to only one person in a crowded house, and to cause this

to see it. In a book one can fancy that the spirit is constructed so as to be visible to one and not to the others. On the stage the facts render the fancy impossible, and very soon the late Uncle Josiah becomes a sort of pantomime harlequin in plain clothes.

No doubt, most of the laughter with which the play at times was greeted came from the clever acting of Mr. John Tresahar as a fortune-hunter, with a theory that “love is none the less sincere because it is sudden.” The actor has an air of conviction and a gift for sounding the depths of comic despair that render his work very entertaining. Lovers of dainty dancing and comic opera noted the reappearance in London of Miss Carrie Coote, who played the part of an American girl. She acted brightly, but one could see from the twitching of her feet that she was almost as anxious to dance as we to see her dancing.—MONOCLE.

THE SHAFTESBURY FOUNTAIN.

The Shaftesbury Fountain has not received that warm reception which its artistic merits demand, and it may be doubted whether it will ever be at home in Piccadilly Circus. Various proposals have been made for a more appropriate site, the most interesting being that put forward by Mr. William Woodward, A.R.I.B.A. Much has to be done in the way of beautifying London; indeed, the subject is so large that one man must needs devote himself to a very small part of the task, and even with it he will meet much opposition. Mr. Arthur Cawston raised quite a scene among his brother architects when he put forward some of his schemes for open spaces in London, such as the sweeping away of Gray's Inn buildings, and Mr. Woodward, who has long devoted himself to the subject of beautifying Trafalgar Square, may meet with scoffers. The arrangement or rearrangement of the square has long been a favourite subject with architects. Begun in 1829, it was completed as it now appears from designs furnished in 1841 by Sir Charles Barry, but his original plans had to be rejected as being too costly.

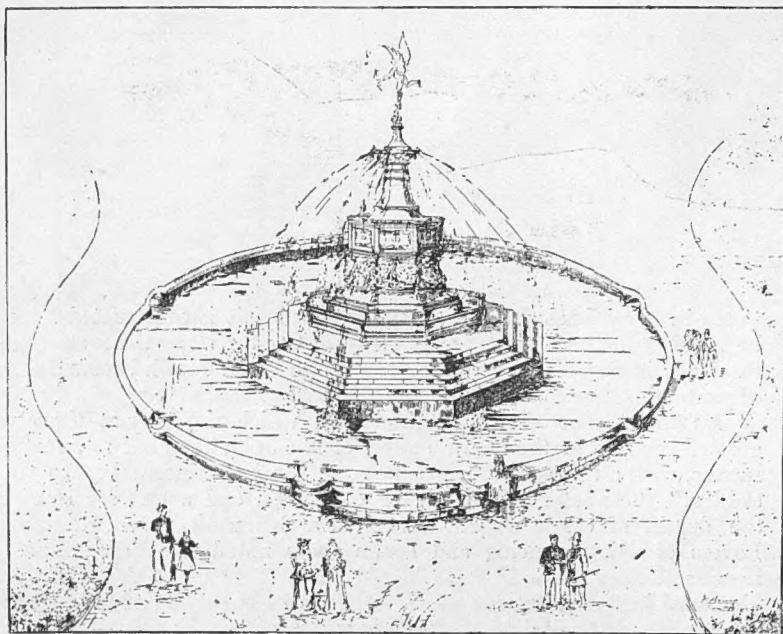
Mr. Woodward's scheme is a far-reaching one, as will be seen from the accompanying plan. It includes improvements at St. Martin's Church, alterations at the square itself, and the opening of the Mall into Charing Cross. He boldly asserts that "it is the mere relation of an acknowledged fact to say that the square is about as woe-begone and miserable an open space as can be imagined for so fine a position." He proposes, in the first instance, to clear away the "awkward and unarchitectural" steps at the northern corners of the square, returning the balustraded wall as shown in the plan. He would then shift the Napier and Havelock statues respectively further east and west, so as to form fitting terminations to the east and west extended enclosing walls of the square. The granite posts, which are now too far north in the square, would be removed to the edge of the footway proper at the southern side of the open space. But it is Mr. Woodward's solution of the difficulty of the Shaftesbury Fountain site that gives his whole scheme the greatest up-to-date interest. He objects to the basins of the fountains at present in the square, with what he calls their "mean and paltry water-jets." It may be news, by-the-way, to many



Photo by Russell, Baker Street, W.

THE SHAFTESBURY MEMORIAL FOUNTAIN IN PICCADILLY CIRCUS.

readers that the water in the fountains is supplied by two artesian wells—one, 395 feet deep, in front of the National Gallery, the other, 300 feet deep, in Orange Street, and it is carried by a tunnel to a tank capable of holding 70,000 gallons. He would transport the Shaftesbury Fountain from the inhospitable region of Piccadilly Circus, and fix it in the centre of the square, raising it bodily four feet on a granite base, providing a large circular basin into which there would be ample room for the jets to play, and introducing further jets at the upper part of the fountain, to afford a more lively and picturesque water display. Having taken down a portion of the balustraded wall of the northern terrace of the square, immediately opposite the centre of the National Gallery, he



THE FOUNTAIN AS PROPOSED TO BE RAISED WITHIN A NEW BASIN.



THE PROPOSED ENTRANCE FROM CHARING CROSS TO THE MALL.

would then build a grand central staircase, about 30 feet in width, thus affording a dignified and handsome approach to the square, and opening up the front of the National Gallery as seen from the south. The enclosing walls of the steps would be terminated, that on the west by the statue of Gordon (removed from its present position), and that on

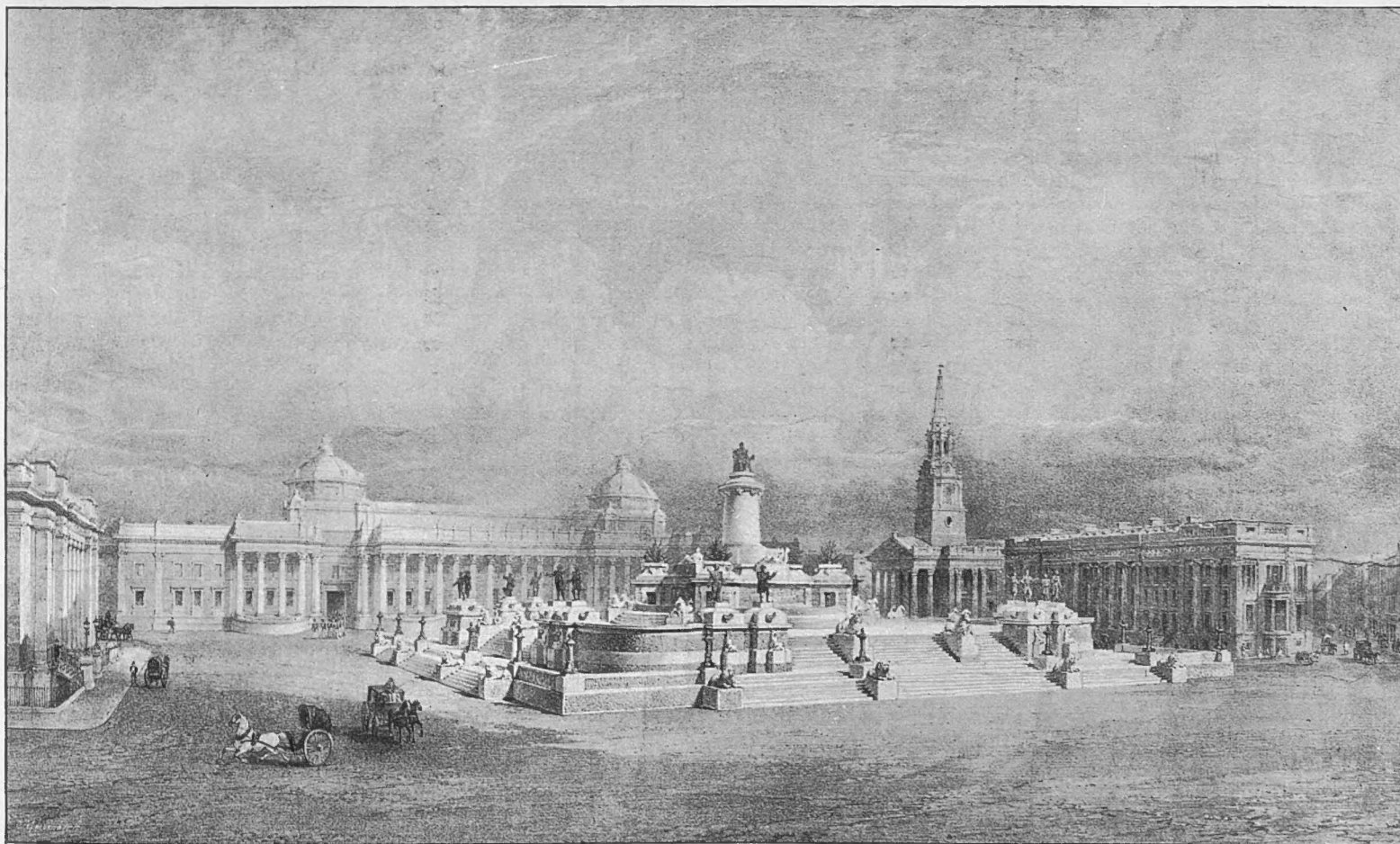
the old steps would be cleared away, lavatories would be provided, extending under the terrace, and taking the place of those near the statue of Charles I. The one equestrian statue now in the square, that of George IV., would be removed to the triangular space in St. James's Park, opposite Carlton House Terrace. The



PLAN BY JOHN COLDICUTT.

the east by a new statue, say, to Lord Shaftesbury. The piers at the midway landing and at the top of the steps would be adorned by lamps and sculptured groups or figures. Then the square, as a whole, extended by the shifting of the granite posts southwards, would be laid out as a public garden, with perambulating gravel paths 12 feet wide, and ornamented with shrubs, dwarf trees, and flowers, and provided with numerous seats. At the north-west and north-east angles, whence

unsightly raking enclosing walls on the east and west sides of the square would be improved by being raised and broken up into horizontal lengths, with piers at the breaks, upon which would be placed lamps. His other suggestions would be to clear away the whole of the portico steps at St. Martin's Church, with the exception of the upper one, and to build flush with it a wall, carrying columns similar to that of the portico at the National Gallery.



PLAN BY THOMAS BELLAMY.

Designs for a National Naval Monument in the Square, 1833.



SMALL TALK.

The recent mild weather has not suited the Queen, who much prefers a bright, frosty winter, and she has not been quite so well. Osborne is at all times exceedingly relaxing, which is the reason why her Majesty never resides there for more than three months in the year. The Queen's own apartments at Osborne are in the west wing, which runs out at some distance from the main building, and her windows thus command an uninterrupted view of the Solent and the Hampshire coast beyond. The grounds are of great extent and beautifully laid out; but the gardens are on a very moderate scale, and daily supplies of fruit, flowers, and vegetables are sent from Frogmore. The principal "sight" in the grounds is the Swiss chalet, with its rabbit-hutches and museum. The chalet is surrounded by trees, each one planted by some member of the Royal Family. The Empress Frederick is to arrive at Osborne next week on a visit to the Queen, and during her stay in the Isle of Wight the Princess of Wales and her daughters are expected at Osborne, to spend a few days with the Queen before leaving for the South.

The Hereditary Prince of Hohenlohe-Langenburg, who has been staying at Osborne with the Queen, is attached to the German Embassy in London. The Prince is a nephew of Prince Christian, a cousin of the German Empress, and a great-grandson of the Duchess of Kent, through her first marriage with Prince Leiningen. He is a *persona grata* with the Queen, and during his residence in England has always been shown much attention.

A quantity of furniture has already been despatched to the Villa Fabbriotti, and the suite of rooms—a drawing-room, dining-room, large private sitting-room, and bed-room—set apart for the Queen are being fitted up in accordance with the special instructions that are always issued when her Majesty goes abroad. The furniture and fittings, especially in the royal bed-room, are always of the plainest, with the exception of the linen, which is the very finest that the most noted looms can produce. Princess Beatrice, Prince Henry of Battenberg, Lady Churchill, Sir Henry Ponsonby, and a certain number of the personal servants will be accommodated at the villa, but the rest of the Court *entourage* will be put up in the immediate neighbourhood. A private sitting-room for Sir Henry Ponsonby is being fitted up close to the Queen's own sitting-room, and messengers are to arrive and depart daily during her Majesty's stay in Florence.

The Prince of Wales's racing yacht, the *Britannia*, is under orders to proceed to the Mediterranean as soon as her outfit can be completed. She is commanded by Captain John Carter, and has a picked crew, so she ought to be able to "squander" her opponents at regattas in the sunny South. Captain Carter formerly commanded the late Sir Richard Sutton's *Genesta*, and took that speedy craft across the Atlantic when she raced the Puritan for the America Cup. He is a skipper of vast experience, and his handling of the *Britannia* has invariably given the Prince of Wales complete satisfaction.

The Duke of Cambridge has arrived at Cannes. After a brief stay there the Commander-in-Chief proceeds to Rome and Naples, and thence to Malta, where he will inspect the garrison, thus combining business and pleasure.

Mr. Oswald Crawford, who has been a director of *Black and White* since the inception of the undertaking, chairman of the company for nearly two years, and editor-in-chief for the last six months, has retired from the board, and resigned the editorship of the paper in consequence of his disagreement with the policy of a new board, recently appointed. I very much regret that Mr. Crawford should have become disassociated from a journal which he has had so large a share in creating, both financially and otherwise. Mr. Crawford is well known for his literary and social gifts, and perhaps he will find more real satisfaction in life when he can cultivate the arts for their own sake, apart from the storm and stress of a newspaper office.

Lord Iveagh, it is said, is looking round for some other fine estate in which to invest some of his superfluous thousands, instead of historic Savernake, which, after long delays and wearisome legal proceedings, he has decided not to purchase. Land is even cheaper than it was when Lord Iveagh contracted to buy Savernake, and it is doubtful if any buyer would give his Lordship's price for it. From that point of view, he is well out of the bargain. There are plenty of fine estates whose noble owners would be glad to part with for a good round sum. Among others, I have been told on professedly good authority that Lord Poulett would not be disinclined to part with stately Hinton St. George, which, with its ten thousand or so of acres, is situated near Crewkerne. The house dates back to early in the eighteenth century, and contains a fine suite of rooms where "good Queen Anne" was wont now and again to stay. The Pouletts are a branch of the family of which the Marquis of Winchester is the head, and are descended from that valiant Sir Amias Paulett who fought so well at Newark, and of whom it is recorded that he once put Cardinal Wolsey, then but a poor schoolmaster, in the stocks.

Ernest Renan's son-in-law, M. Psichari, has lately been delivering a lecture at Athens, before an audience of Court ladies, upon the evolution of kissing, a theme that is, in his opinion, more recondite than people, young folks especially, generally take it to be. The line of argument he pursues in discussing the question is somewhat akin to that adopted by

Lombroso, and he lays down three more or less definite propositions. The first is that the kiss, as now practised, is relatively modern; the second is that the kiss has varied greatly since the time of Homer, in whose day, according to a commentator upon whom M. Psichari relies greatly, it was purely a maternal action; and the third is that it may be stated generally that the evolution of the kiss is now arrested, and has been for 700 or 800 years.

Many people may be found to doubt whether M. Psichari is not a little too cocksure in assuming that because the kiss *par excellence*, that of two loves, is not referred to in Homer it therefore was unknown in that shadowy epoch, and; furthermore, the Old Testament and many more ancient books contain instances of allusions to this kind of osculatory greeting. However, the matter need scarcely be discussed from the high and dry scientific aspect. Human nature, human muscels, human sensations, human passions, have, after all, differed not so very much in the course of ages; and, while the benignity of the maternal kiss, the kindly gravity of the paternal kiss, the sugary, but sometimes envenomed, kiss of female friends *pro tem.*, and even the fervent, if ludicrous, embrace of excitable males of Gallic or even more southerly race have all their distinguishing characteristics, the one kiss to which the generality of mortals attach much significance is that which passes as a token of affection between two persons of opposite sexes.

M. Psichari may have better foundation for his learned theory than appears to be contained in the summary of his lecture given in the foreign Press; but yet it is to be feared that scoffers will vastly outnumber his adherents; and, even if kissing were almost unknown in Homer, Westerns, Orientals, South Sea Islanders, and the rest have enjoyed the pleasing function for centuries, while the opening days of 1894 have certainly seen no diminution in the attractiveness and power of osculation. Perhaps, indeed, one might be told enough to aver that if the evolution of kissing has been arrested it is because it could not become more "perfectly delightful."

The recent death of William, first Earl of Lovelace and eighth Baron King has reminded many for whom the comparatively retired life of the late Earl during the past few years had effaced the recollection of the very interesting fact that he married, in 1835, Ada, the dearly loved daughter of Lord Byron, who, when the poet died in 1824, after doing such splendid service for the Greeks that they honoured his memory by proclaiming twenty-one days of national mourning, became virtually "a daughter of Greece." Peculiar interest, therefore, attaches to the



THE LATE EARL OF LOVELACE IN GREEK COSTUME (1830).

accompanying portrait of the late Earl, as a handsome stripling of five-and-twenty, and garbed in the picturesque dress of the land so dear to his wife and to her brilliant, ill-fated father. The portrait is a curiously interesting link between the romance and chivalry of sixty years ago and the prosaic calm of the last decade of Lord Lovelace's long life; but to the end of his days the Earl remained distinguished for that punctilious courtesy which belongs, with rare exceptions, to a long dead school of manners, and to the end, also, he retained the handsome physique which is so conspicuous in this portrait.

The removal of the deserted buildings that formed the World's Fair would be a matter of little time did they share the fate of the Liberal Arts section, which was burned down the other week. The fire broke out in the Casino, spread to the music-hall—where all the great concerts



THE LIBERAL ARTS BUILDING.

at the Fair were held—and then to the Liberal Arts Building, where the exhibits, mostly foreign, were lying in piles, waiting to be removed. The French section suffered most. So far as the Casino and music-hall were concerned, someone has remarked that burning was the cheapest way of removing them.

Mr. Robert Ruthven Pym, who died a few days since, after a long illness, had been connected with banking for the greater part of his industrious life. Beginning his career as a clerk in the historic house of Child and Co., he passed from Temple Bar to the City and entered Messrs. Williams Deacon's. Leaving Birchin Lane, he went westward once more, and became agent of the Burlington Gardens branch of the Bank of England, where for a considerable number of years he was wonderfully popular with his staff and with the public. Mr. Pym next went to Scott's, in Cavendish Square, as a partner, and from there he once again moved Citywards, and became a member of Coutts's world-famous firm, where he remained till his death. Mr. Pym was one of the busiest as well as the most kindhearted of men, always ready to assist a deserving charity or an unfortunate individual, and for many years he was one of the best known men in London in banking and philanthropic circles. In person he was a remarkable specimen of the typical Englishman, over six feet in height, enormously broad in the shoulder, and riding some one-and-twenty stone. His genial, good-looking, radiant face was a true index of his kindly heart. He belonged to an old Bedfordshire family, and was one of several brothers who predeceased him. If not such tall "sons of Anak" as himself, they were quite as weighty, and I have seen three of the brothers together who certainly scaled something over sixty stone between them, a by no means common sight. Mr. Pym only just outlived his wife, that lady, who had long been an invalid, succumbing to an attack of influenza but two days before her husband's death.

Something is said elsewhere in this issue about a curious Chicago club that puts the Thirteenites into the shade. I have just been reading a long account of a meeting of the New York branch of the Daughters of the Revolution, who held a festival on the 8th inst., the anniversary of Washington's wedding-day. An elaborate lunch was served to two hundred "Daughters" and their friends. The toasts began with the health of the "Sons of the Revolution," drunk in "clear, sparkling Crotin water," after which the "Sons," who were the invited guests, began to arrive. "Sons" and "Daughters" were treated by a lady to a description of the courtship of Truthful George, who seems to have been a very susceptible youth. Even at the tender age of fifteen he fell in love with a maiden named Frances, to whom he sent the following lines, spelled out in old English—

From your bright, sparkling eyes I was undone;
Rays you have, more transparent than ye sun;
Amidst its Glory in ye Rising Day,
None can equal you in your bright array.
Constant in your calm, unspotted mind;
Equal toe alle, but will to none prove kind;
So knowing seldom one see young you'll find!

The General's other heartaches were caused by Sally and Molly Cary, Bessy Fauntleroy, and Mary Bland. In the case of Molly Cary, Washington went so far as to ask her father for her hand. "What, Sir!" exclaimed the old gentleman. "You aspire to my daughter? I'll have you know, Sir, she is accustomed to riding in her own coach." The young hero had no coach at that time, so he gracefully retired from the field of action, and his lady-love was soon claimed by a suitor who could afford a coach. Several years later Washington met her at

a funeral, with her husband, where she "gave herself away" by fainting as soon as her eyes met his. A poem on the Washington wedding was written for the benefit of the "Daughters" by Miss Julia Clinton Jones, the granddaughter of General James Clinton, who was a member of Washington's staff.

What a pity it seems that the shell-encrusted hull of that English brig, with its curiously assorted cargo, which has just been towed into Galveston Harbour, on the coast of Texas, should have been discovered by the crew of a Norwegian barque! Such a find ought, surely, to have been made in the rich imagination of such a novelist as Mr. R. L. Stevenson or Mr. Clark Russell. How their pens would have revelled in delightful descriptions of the weird craft! How their varied fancies would have woven strange romance about the bag of guineas, the chests of papers, and the stomacher of pearls, and would have made the dry bones of the skeleton giant, who, perchance, commanded the ill-fated vessel, live again! Perhaps even now it is not too late, and the incident of the ship thrown up by some submarine disturbance near the Danish islands that lie some 200 miles north of the Shetlands may yet form the subject of a romance that will delight thousands of readers.

A propos of the recent production of that "preposterous rubbish," as Mr. Gilbert calls it, of "The Country Girl" at Daly's Theatre, the accompanying playbill is of some interest. Wycherley's original



By His Majesty's Company of Comedians.

AT THE

THEATRE ROYAL

In Drury Lane :

This present Wednesday, being the 22d Day
of October, will be presented,

A COMEDY call'd,

THE

COUNTRY WIFE.

Written by the Late Mr. WYCHERLEY.

Horner	by	Mr. Wilks.	Mrs. Marger, Pinchwife	by	Mrs. Bicknell
Harcourt		Mr. Mills.	Mrs. Alithea		Mrs. Younger.
Dorilant		Mr. Wilks, Jun.	My Lady Fidget		Mrs. Saunders.
Pinchwife		Mr. Booth.	Mrs. Dainty Fidget		Mrs. Robins.
Sparkish		Mr. Gibber.	Mrs. Squeamish		Mrs. Willis.
Sir Jasper Fidget		Mr. Noyce.			

With Entertainments of Dancing, Bath, Songs and Comic, by Mr. Shaw,
Mr. Thurmond, Mr. Toham, Mrs. Antila, Mrs. T. noc, and Miss Lindar.

To begin exactly at Six a Clock.

By His Majesty's Command, No Persons are to be admitted behind the Scenes. Nor any
Mercy to be Return'd after the Curtain is drawn up. Vivas Rex.

"Country Wife" was originally produced at the theatre in Portugal Street, Lincoln's Inn Fields, about 1674. It was revived in 1709 and 1715 at Drury Lane, and it is to one of these performances that the playbill reproduced refers. In 1766 Garrick produced a Bowdlerised version under the title "The Country Girl."

Haarlem, the city of bulbs, the home of the tulip and the hyacinth, is just waking up to life again after its long hibernation. The bulbs that have lain for months on wooden racks in heated store-rooms are bursting forth the first green of life. They are calling to be embedded in the mother earth, there to obtain the succour that in a few weeks will make all Haarlem and miles around one blaze of gorgeous colour and sweet scents. Thousands of the flowers will soon be in bloom, reminding visitors of the olden days, when the craze for tulips became so ridiculous that in 1634 nearly £400 was paid for one bulb.

Hopjes is still the chief sweetmeat of the Hague. It was invented a couple of centuries ago by an Austrian ambassador, who was so devoted to coffee that he discovered this means of consolidation, which renders it an agreeable *bonbon*. The fair sex at the Hague are as devoted to its charms as the original inventor, and the manufacture of *hopjes* is quite an employment in the town.

I have often met with people who were anxious to accumulate a million used postage-stamps—indeed, I have not infrequently been asked to assist in this strange and arduous accumulation. The collectors are generally ladies, and the object is in some mysterious manner connected with a charity, though in what way any charity can benefit by a million obliterated coloured effigies of our gracious Sovereign I have never been able to discover; neither have I ever encountered anyone who has accomplished the Herculean labour. Supposing one could collect a hundred stamps a day—which is hardly likely—it would take about twenty-eight years to make up the tale of stamps! Yet I have just heard of a poor woman who has brought such a collection to completion in a south-western suburb. The charity that benefited by this industry began and ended at home, for the mass of adhesive labels was sold by her to a *papier-maché* manufactory for the sum of five pounds. I did not hear how many years had been spent in the task, but if it were only a couple of decades, and it is hardly likely to have been less, the labourer was certainly worthy of her hire.

A propos of the last election at the Royal Academy, it is worth recording that Mr. J. M. Swan obtained twenty-seven votes, against twenty-five cast for Mr. A. Hacker. The latter received thirty-one votes, against twenty-one given to Mr. Belcher.

What although the site of Eden be doubtful, when there be spots in many parts of the earth that claim kinship, so far as beauty goes, to the grand old garden! One does not naturally associate Worcestershire with



WORKPEOPLE'S COTTAGES AND COUNTRY LANE, BOURNVILLE, NEAR BIRMINGHAM.

poetry—has it not cause for rejoicing in the sauce named after it?—and yet it, too, has its Eden, in the shape of prettily named Bournville, near Birmingham. It is here that Messrs. Cadbury concoct the cocoa which has made them famous. They have the reputation, says Miss Collet, one of the lady Labour Commissioners, of paying the best average wages in the district, which is explained

as meaning that the average wage of the majority of the girls in their employ is higher than that of the majority of girls in any other factory. A playground of about three-fourths of an acre is provided for the girls, shut in by trees, and with benches all round it. The factory is lighted with electric light, and the ventilation is excellent. It is the special business of a district nurse to visit the girls who are ill, and a committee of forewomen meets once a week to give out tickets that may be required for hospitals, &c. About thirty-six cottages, which might be described as semi-detached villas, and which are here illustrated, with five rooms and a scullery and a good garden to each, are let at five to six shillings a week.

Australia, who had been following the advice contained in her national motto far too zealously, and had "advanced" far too lavishly in financial matters, with the unfortunate result, last year's panic to wit, is recovering from the shock that she received. In a letter from a friend "down under," a gentleman who for many years has held an important position in Adelaide, the state of affairs is thus admirably put—

The Australian colonies have during the past three years undergone a financial catastrophe brought about by flooding the colonies with borrowed capital at the instance of politicians, as a means of securing the suffrages of the "working man" (universal suffrage rules here) by voting for public works by the Government, thus keeping up high rates of wages. In consequence of the abundant supply of money introduced by the Government, and the apparent, though fictitious, prosperity of the colonies, the banks found but little demand for their money to loan for legitimate trade purposes, and, therefore, made enormous advances to their customers on real property. This led to reckless speculation in land, stations, houses, &c., and a "boom" commenced in 1887, and so after a few short years there ensued panic and ruin, the collapse of banks, of mercantile agency, mortgage, and investment companies by dozens, capital lost by millions, bogus companies and firms of speculators exposed, and confiding and honest folks absolutely ruined by the thousand. This was the fruit of wild speculation, of roguery, and of gross misrepresentation, which flourished until the London market became tired of 3½ per cent. bonds, and ceased to court the favour of Australian borrowers, and colonial products met with but falling prices in the markets of Europe.

If the example set by Mr. Harry Quilter were extensively followed by critics in other departments, we should have interesting, and possibly amusing, justifications of their existence. A concert might be given, for instance, by the musical critics, the programme consisting of works composed and interpreted by them, and rendered for the first time satisfactorily. Then the *corps dramatique* might prove their high qualifications by arranging a "triple bill," and by distributing the parts among the gentlemen in fur-trimmed coats who scoff sarcastically in the stalls. There are endless possibilities, in fact.

MISS ALICE LETHBRIDGE.

Miss Alice Lethbridge is just now 'witching' the world with exquisite dancing at the Lyric Theatre, where her medley dance with Mr. Lonnen has become the most popular "turn" in "Little Christopher Columbus" while her two-minute skirt dance in the second act is received by the audience in a fashion which recalls the ovations accorded in the long ago to Miss Kate Vaughan.

Miss Lethbridge, as is generally the case with most of Terpsichore's successful devotees, cannot recollect a period in her youthful existence when she did not dance for her own pleasure. She became M. D'Auban's pupil at the age of twelve, and soon developed the sinuous grace of movement and lightness which she now possesses to so exceptional a degree. Miss Lethbridge ascribes not a little of her success to the unwearied pains taken with her training by the great dancing master.

After a brilliant *début* in "Rip Van Winkle," Miss Lethbridge joined Mr. George Edwardes's company, and formed part of the Gaiety cast in "The Vicar of Wakefield"; then, in quick succession, giving but little time for holiday or rest to the versatile *danseuse*, came a tour in America with Violet Cameron, during which Miss Lethbridge, in addition to her dancing, played the part of Janet Foster in "Kenilworth," an engagement to dance a saltarello in "Mynheer Jan" at the Comedy Theatre, London, which saltarello established the dancer's claim to a leading place in the profession, and led to a number of provincial pantomime parts, including a winter season at Brighton with Mrs. Nye Chart and an amusing tour with Sir Augustus Harris's "Venus" company, with, it will be remembered, beautiful Lady Clancarty in the title-role.

It was during a three-years' engagement with the Gaiety management that Miss Lethbridge visited Australia, where she found "the nicest audiences in the world," and a renewed store of health, for even the brightest dancer finds the life terribly wearing, and many among their audience would be startled if they noticed how often the graceful figures come perilously near to the "dead faint" once they have glided out of sight into the wings. But Miss Lethbridge will see no disadvantages in the life she has elected to lead. "I can't keep off the boards," she admits, half penitently; "dancing has become the only thing worth living or dying for now."

KING WALDEMAR.

FOUNDED ON AN OLD DANISH LEGEND.

King Waldemar, with his huntsmen and hounds,
Rode off to the chase in the morning grey,
And the forest with clattering hoofs resounds
From dawn to the close of day.
With "Ho! tally-ho!" and a view-halloo!
And a "Yoick! Drag on him! Drag on!"
The hounds in full cry go galloping by
In that famous chase on the Feast of St. John.
"The sun, I say,
Shall not set to-day!"
Loud shouts King Waldemar.
"I'll have my way,
I will hunt for aye!
Let night be day
For ever and aye!
I am King Waldemar!"

A voice is heard in the darkening sky—
The huntsmen they shudder, the hounds do cower—
"The boon that thou cravest, King Waldemar,
Is *thine* from this very hour!"
And the King at the word from his saddle fell,
Setting off on his coveted ride;
E'en so 'twas upon the Day of St. John
That the mighty hunter, King Waldemar, died.
This day, I trow,
Will prove long enow
To please King Waldemar.
Night *shall* be day
For the King alway,
And thou shalt hunt
For ever and aye,
For aye! King Waldemar!

Now, ev'ry year, on the Feast of St. John,
The dogs do bark at the coming of night:
For the ghost of a king who is dead and gone
Rides by on his steed snow-white,
With "Ho! tally-ho!" and a view-halloo!
And a "Yoick! Drag on him! Drag on!"
The shadows glide by of hounds in full cry
In that ghostly chase on the Night of St. John.
And "Hush!" folk say,
"For the hounds do bay,
There goes King Waldemar!
He hath his way,
He doth hunt all day—
A-hunting, hunting,
Ever and aye
The dead King Waldemar!"

MARK AMBIENT.



MISS ALICE LETHBRIDGE.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ALFRED ELLIS, UPPER BAKER STREET, N.W.

MISS ALICE KINGSLEY.

The success which has attended the run of "Walker, London," which, after a tour in the provinces, is still attracting its nightly crowd to the little theatre in King William Street, is not a little due, as Mr. Toole would be the first to acknowledge, to the able efforts of the fair *comédiennes* who have "played up to" the popular comedian in the



Photo by Karoly, Birmingham.

MISS ALICE KINGSLEY.

character of Nanny O'Brien, played originally by Miss Mary Ansell, and latterly by Miss Alice Kingsley. When I paid my threatened visit (writes a representative of *The Sketch*) to her father's house, away up in the northernmost heights of London, it was a pleasant surprise to find that in this case the lady really was as charming off the stage as on it, and that to see her in the quiet seclusion of her artistic home—for her father is a well-known artist, a pupil of Rossetti's—it is casting no slur upon the knight of the camera to say that the best of her portraits fails to do her photographic justice. It was at the witching hour of five, when the usual afternoon beverage circulates in those little Japanese tea-cups which seem to harmonise so well with studios and fair women, that I found myself *tête-à-tête* with my delightful hostess, and it was surrounded by what should have been the softening influences of sketches, paintings, and works of art generally that adorn her father's studio that I plunged remorselessly into the conventional questions which go to make the modern inquisitorial interview.

"And what made you take to the stage, and when, and where?" I asked, endeavouring, perhaps unsuccessfully, to hide my note-book.

"Well, I wanted to earn an independent living, as most girls do," she said, apparently somewhat taken aback by the comprehensiveness of my question. "I had been educated to follow my father's profession, but, though I loved pictures and painting, I felt that it was not my *métier*. So having done a good deal of work as an amateur, and preferring the excitement of appearing before the public to the seclusion of the studio, I managed to get on the stage. This was only three or four years ago, you know, so please don't talk to me as if I had already climbed the ladder of fame, when I am really only——"

"You've done wonders in so short a time, Miss Kingsley," I sententiously replied; "but tell me where and how did you begin?"

"In a small part in 'A Million of Money,' which, of course, you remember, was produced under the direction of Sir Augustus Harris both at Drury Lane and at the Covent Garden Theatre. Then came a part in 'Drink,' and, later, in 'Formosa'; so you see that all my first work was with the magician of Drury Lane. Then followed parts in several first plays."

"What were they?"

"'The First Mate,' by 'Richard Henry' (H. Chance-Newton and Richard Morton), at the Shaftesbury, and then I played in a little curtain-raiser at the Gaiety. After this I was engaged for the first time by Mr. Toole to play the part of Nanny O'Brien in the provinces. When I did this I imagined that the humours of London riverside life would have been slightly lost upon the country folk, but I was very pleasantly astonished to find that we were everywhere most enthusiastically received. On our return I played in the title-role of a first piece of Pinero's, at Toole's, entitled 'Daisy's Escape,' and after that Miss Mary Ansell, relinquishing her part, it came to my turn, thanks to Mr. Toole, to play Nanny O'Brien in London, and then again to equally crowded houses throughout the country, whence, as you see, we have returned for a final wind-up of the piece, some two months, I believe, in the Metropolis."

"There!" she exclaimed, "I'm sure you've had enough of my wonderful career; let me show you how useful my sketching propensities come in as a hobby and relaxation when we're on tour," and I viewed, with unfeigned interest, a sketch-book containing some delightfully vivid and picturesque impressions of characters and incidents she had seen on her journeys. Pretty strong evidence, I thought, of the fascination the stage must have had for her to have deserted a calling at which she had so much likelihood of success.

By this time I felt I might gracefully bring my inquisitorial tortures to an end; so with the information that she had studied elocution under "that most admirable instructress," Mrs. John Billington, and that her ambition was to become a successful exponent of higher comedy of the Lady Teazle order, rather than of the vivacious and rollicking little



Photo by Warnenke, Glasgow.

MISS KINGSLEY AS NANNY O'BRIEN AND MR. TOOLE AS WALKER.

heroines which she has hitherto been depicting upon the stage, I took my leave, together with several photographs of certainly one of the most charming women it has been my privilege to meet, and for whom, if versatility and beauty are to go for anything, it is not difficult to prophesy success.

A FEARFUL CHARGE.

DILLY (in horrified whisper): "Mamma, Willie is an infidel!"

MAMMA: "An infidel?"

DILLY: "Yes; he don't believe there's any Santa Claus."—Puck.

A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

AN EPISODE

IN

BACHELOR LIFE

By GEORGE MOORE



Mr. Bryant was tall, slim, and not many years over thirty; his features were regular, but no one had ever mentioned him as a good-looking man. He lived with his mother in Bryanston Square, but he had chambers in Norman's Inn, where he wrote waltzes, received his friends, and practised wood-carving.

The service in Norman's Inn was performed by a retinue of maid-servants, working under the order of the porter and his wife; but these girls were idle, dirty, and slovenly; the porter's wife was an execrable cook, and Mr. Bryant was very particular about what he ate, and could not bear the slightest speck of dust on the numerous knick-knacks that filled his sitting-room. So, after many complaints, he resolved to have a servant of his own. His mother had procured him one Clara Tompson, from King Edward's School, a young girl just turned seventeen, pale-

complexioned, delicate features, and blue eyes, which seemed to tell of a delicate, sentimental nature.

She stood now watching Mr. Bryant eat his breakfast. He did not require her service, and wondered why she lingered.

"I'm thinking of leaving, Sir. If you don't mind, I should like to go at the end of the week."

Mr. Bryant looked up, surprised. "Why do you want to leave, Clara?"

She told him she did not like Norman's Inn, and little by little he drew the story of her trouble from her. The porter's nephew had come to take the watchman's place until the old soldier returned from the hospital. Almost from the first he had begun to plague her with his attentions. Last week Fanny had asked her to come to the Turk's Head, a music-hall at the other end of the lane. Harry had sat with his arm round Fanny the whole time, and Mr. Stokes's nephew had put his hand on her knee. She couldn't get away from him, and didn't want to make a fuss. At last she had to get up, but Harry had pulled her back and told her to drink some beer. The beer was poison; she thought they must have put something in it; she had only had a mouthful, and that made her feel quite giddy.



She stood now watching Mr. Bryant eat his breakfast.

"And the singing that you heard at the Turk's Head?" asked Mr. Bryant.

"It wasn't very nice, Sir; but it wasn't quite so bad as what goes on in the kitchen of an evening when all the girls are there. I do all I can, Sir, to keep out of his way, but he follows me down to the kitchen and kisses me by force. The others only laugh at me, and I'm insulted because I won't dance with him."

"But what are these dances like?"

"Oh, Sir! I can't tell you, Sir! I try to see as little of it as I can. The other evening I said I'd stop there no longer, and walked up and down the inn until bedtime. That's how I got my cold."

"I don't like to lose you, Clara. I can speak to Mr. Stokes, and tell him that you must be let alone."

"Oh, no, Sir! don't do that—it would only set them more than ever against me. It isn't for me to find fault, but I'm not used to such company—it was so different in the school." Tears started to her eyes; she turned aside to hide them.

Mr. Bryant was touched.

"I won't have you go down into that kitchen any more, Clara. There's no reason why you should. It is all the same to me if I pay the porter for your food or if I put you on board wages. There's a kitchen here, you'll have coal and gas free. I'll give you ten shillings a week board wages."

"Oh, Sir, you're really too kind!"

"But you'll still have to sleep with Lizzie."

"That doesn't matter, Sir, so long as I haven't to go much to that kitchen. I was always there, Sir, except when I was attending on you, Sir, and that was so seldom."

"You prefer to sit in these rooms?"

"Oh, Sir!"

"You can sit in the back room and do your sewing when I'm here, and when I'm not here you can sit in this room. I'm afraid you'll find it lonely."

"I sha'n't be lonely for their company. You're very good to me. I don't know how to thank you."

When he returned from France he brought her back a shawl—a knitted silk shawl. The shawl meant that he had thought of her when he was away. She could hardly speak for happiness, and she spent hours thinking, wondering. It was such a pretty shawl . . . no other man would have chosen such a pretty shawl. There was no one like him. Her hands dropped on her knees, and she raised her eyes, now dim with dreams, and listened. He was singing, accompanying himself on the piano.

The days that he dined in the inn were red-letter days in her life, for he detained her during the meal with whatever conversation he thought would interest her, and she listened as a dog listens to its master, unmindful of the great love that consumed her or his indifference. One day there came a sharp double rap at the door which made them both start.

"That's the post," she exclaimed.

"No; it is not the post," she said, coming back, "a messenger boy brought this letter, and he says there's an answer."

Mr. Bryant tore open the envelope, and Clara watched the eager expression on his face. He went to his desk and wrote a long letter. When he had fastened it she held out her hand, but he said he would speak to the boy himself.

Next morning there were several letters in the post-box: one was on perfumed paper, and she noticed that it bore the same perfume as the letter which the boy had brought yesterday.

"Any letters?"

"Yes, Sir."

Clara pulled up the blinds and prepared his bath. As she was leaving the room she looked back. He lay on his side, reading his letter, unconscious of everything but it. After breakfast he said—

"I want you to take a letter for me."

"Do you want me to go at once, Sir?"

"I want the letter to get there before twelve. There's plenty of time."

"Is the letter finished, Sir?"

"No, but it will be when you have done up my room."

Mr. Bryant was sitting in an attitude habitual to him when she came for the letter—with his left hand he held his chin, his right arm was thrown forward over the edge of the desk,

"Is the letter ready, Sir?"

"Yes, here it is. Mrs. Alexander, 37, Cadogan Gardens. You know how to get there?"

"No, Sir."

"You take the train to Sloane Square, and it is within a few minutes' walk of the station."

She had often wondered if he were in love with any woman. None ever came to his chambers. But this Mrs. Alexander, who was she? He had not told her not to leave the letter if she were out. . . . Then why had he told the boy last night not to leave the letter? Mrs. Alexander might be a widow. The thought frightened her; Mr. Bryant might marry, give up his chambers in the inn, and send her away. Perhaps this was the very woman who would bring ruin upon her. She stopped, overcome by a sudden faintness, and when she raised her eyes she saw that a lady was watching her from a drawing-room window. Was this the number? Yes, this was 37. Before she had time to ring, the door was opened, and a lady said—

"I'm Mrs. Alexander—is that letter for me?"

"Yes, Ma'am."

Mrs. Alexander was a small woman, dressed in a black woollen gown, well cut to her slight figure. The pallor of her face was heightened by

the blackness of her hair. She stood reading the letter avidly, the black bow of a tiny slipper advanced beyond the skirt, her hand clasping the hand of a little child of four, who stood staring at Clara.

"She opened the door herself, so that the servants might not know that she received a letter," Clara thought, as she sat in the train studying the handwriting so that she might know it again.

"She's no widow, for if she was she'd not take the trouble to watch from the window." Clara was shocked at Mrs. Alexander's wickedness. "Living in that fine house, a good husband, no doubt, and that dear little girl to think of. But these sort of women don't think of anything but themselves."

One morning she found a small lace handkerchief on one of the armchairs. Had Mrs. Alexander given it to him, or had she been to his rooms late and forgotten it? It had been her pleasure not to allow a speck of dust to lie on the eighteenth-century tables, china vases, and the pictures in white frames. But another woman had been there, and all her pleasure in the room was destroyed. Mrs. Alexander had sat on that chair; she had played on the piano; she had stood by the bookcase; she had taken down the books and leant over Mr. Bryant's shoulder.

A month later the tea table wore a beautiful white cloth, worked over with red poppies, a bottle of smelling-salts appeared on his table,

and, though it was winter, there were generally flowers in the vases. Clara noticed that the stamps on Mrs. Alexander's letters were different from ordinary English stamps, and when the ordinary stamp reappeared on sweet-scented envelopes she knew that Mrs. Alexander had come back.

"Clara, I should like you to dust and tidy up the place as much as possible."

"Aren't the rooms clean, then, Sir?"

"Well, I fancied they were getting rather dusty. I don't mean that it is your fault; the amount of smuts that come in from the chimney-pots opposite is something dreadful. I shall be going out in the afternoon; you'll have time for a thorough clean. You can get Lizzie to help you, and not only this room, but all the rooms. We are getting on into spring. I don't see why we should not have fresh curtains up in the bed-room, and don't forget to wash my brushes and to put a new toilet cover on the table. You might go to Covent Garden and order in some flowers—some bunches of lilac; they'll freshen up the place. I shall want some hyacinths, too, for the windows."

Next morning the servants stopped as they went up the inn with their trays to admire Mr. Bryant's windows. He called to Clara for the watering-pot, and sent her to the restaurant for the bill of fare. At one o'clock the white-aproned cook-boys came up the inn with trays on their heads. The roysters, the bread and butter, and the Chablis were on the table. Everything was ready. The church clock had struck the half-hour, and Mr. Bryant was beginning to complain—to express fear that the lady might have mistaken the day, when a slight interrogative knock was heard at the door. In a moment Mr. Bryant was out of the sitting-room; he thrust his servant back into the kitchen, and she heard the swishing sound of a silk dress.



Mrs. Alexander stood reading the letter avidly.

A few moments after, the sitting-room door opened, and Mr. Bryant called her.

"Is the lunch all ready, Clara? Is everything in the kitchen?"

"Yes, Sir."

"Then I'll get the things out myself; I sha'n't want you all the afternoon. You can go out for a walk if you like; but be back between five and six, in time to clear away."

It was the sharp, peremptory tone of a master speaking to a servant, a tone which she had never heard from him before, and it made her feel that she was something below him, something that he was kind to because it was his nature to be kind.

Clara realised this with a distinctness which she was unaccustomed to, and in a sick paralysis of mind she took the dish of cutlets and placed it in the warmth, and was glad to leave the chambers; and meeting Lizzie as she went up the inn she told her she was feeling very bad, and was going to lie down. Would she kindly answer Mr. Bryant if he called, and get him what he wanted? Lizzie promised that she would, and Clara went upstairs.

About five o'clock Lizzie came to her with the news that Mr. Bryant was very sorry to hear she was unwell. Could he do anything for her? Was there anything he could send her? Would she see the doctor?

No, no, she wanted nothing, only to be alone. She caught the pillow, rolled herself over, and Lizzie heard her crying in the darkness, and when the coarse girl put her arms about her Clara turned round and sobbed upon her shoulder. Bessie was breathing hard, Fanny snored intermittently, and, speaking very low, Lizzie said—

"I suppose it is that you care for him?"

"I don't know; I don't know. He don't care to talk to me as he used. I feel that miserable—I can't stop here—I can't——"

"Yer ain't going to chuck your situation for him?"

"I don't know."

"You'll be better to-morrow—they fancies wears off. Ah, that's why you wouldn't go out with Mr. Stokes's nephew. Well, he was a low lot."

"He was quite different."

That was all the explanation Clara could give, but it seemed enough, for, as one animal understands another's inarticulate cry, so did Lizzie's common mind seem to divine the meaning of the words: it was quite different.

"A gentleman's nice soft speech and his beautiful clothes get on one somehow. I know what you means, yet Fanny says she likes Harry best when he's dirty."

Next morning, when Clara went up with Mr. Bryant's hot water, she saw that a letter from Mrs. Alexander was in the post-box; he read it in bed, and he re-read it at breakfast—he did not seem even to know that she was in the room. She lingered, hoping that he would speak to her. She only wanted him to speak to her just as he used to—about herself, about himself. She did not wish to be wholly forgotten. But he was always reading letters from Mrs. Alexander or writing letters to her. She hated having to take letters to Cadogan Gardens, and Mrs. Alexander seemed to come more and more frequently to Norman's Inn. And every day she grew paler and thinner. She lost her strength, and at last could not accomplish her work. Mr. Bryant complained of dust and untidiness. She listened to his reproofs like a sick person who has not strength to answer. One morning she said, as she was clearing the breakfast things—

"I'm thinking of leaving, Sir."

"Of leaving, Clara!" and, raising his eyes from the letter he was writing, Mr. Bryant looked at her in blank astonishment. Then a smile began to appear on his face. "Are you going to be married?" he said.

"No, Sir."

"Then why do you want to leave?"

"I think I'd like to go, Sir."

"You can get more wages elsewhere?"

"No, Sir; it isn't that."

"Then what is it? Haven't I been kind enough? Can I do anything? Do you want more money?"

"No, Sir; it's nothing to do with money."

"Then what is it?"

"I think I'd like to leave, Sir."

"When?"

"I should like to go at once."

"At once! You don't think of the annoyance and trouble you're putting me to. I shall have to look out for another servant. Really, I think—of course, if you were going to get married, or if you had an offer of a better situation, I should say nothing; but to leave me in the lurch—some whim. I suppose you'd like a change?"

"I don't think that the inn agrees with me, Sir."

"You are looking poorly. If you'd like to go for a holiday——"

"No, Sir; I think I'd like to leave."

Mr. Bryant's face grew suddenly overcast, and he muttered something about ingratitude. The word cut her to the heart; but there was no help for it—she had to go.

Her idol was taken from her—the idol that represented all that she could understand of grace, light, and beauty, and, losing it, the whole world became for her a squalid kitchen, where coarse girls romped to a tune played on a concertina by a shoe-boy sitting on the dresser.

THE REV. DR. KER-GRAY, AT ST. GEORGE'S CHAPEL, ALBEMARLE STREET.

Of the many hundreds of casual strollers that daily pass up or down Albemarle Street, Piccadilly, but a very small minority are aware that within the unpretentious building labelled St. George's Chapel, at the top left-hand side of that well-known thoroughfare, is held one of the most attractive Church of England services in the Metropolis. The old saying is in this instance once more proved correct: that it is not, necessarily, the most ostentatious casket that contains the finest gem.

Coming to St. George's Chapel at the latter end of the year 1889, Dr. Ker-Gray found a congregation consisting of about six people, including the two vergers; now, after four years and a half of his ministry, the chapel, capable of accommodating one thousand people, is crowded Sunday after Sunday the year through. Unlike a good many divines, Dr. Ker-Gray is thoroughly at home in his chapel, and here, seated in the cosy study he has established for himself within its precincts, the ubiquitous interviewer of *The Sketch* ran him to ground.

"To begin with, Dr. Ker-Gray, tell me the secret—a secret so many other incumbents would like to know—by what occult means do you manage to fill St. George's Chapel Sunday after Sunday?"

"I do not know, unless it is because I try to have a service that, while strictly in accordance with the true spirit of the Church of England, is thoroughly interesting and void of any extreme views that might give cause of offence. To make the services of interest, I have, in addition to one of Bishop's best organs, an orchestra with full wind and percussion. I can assure you my kettledrums are much appreciated.



The whole world became for her a squalid kitchen, where coarse girls romped to a tune played on a concertina.

With the assistance of some of the first singers of the day, who most kindly give their services gratuitously, my choir, as you may imagine, is second to none. Then I get the best possible preachers, and always try to preach at least one sermon every Sunday myself. My congregation have specially intimated to me their desire that I should occupy the pulpit as frequently as possible."

"Tell me, is it true that your chapel is not licensed for marriages?"

"Unfortunately, that is so. I can administer all the other rites and sacraments of the Church, and can christen; but, although it is usually considered desirable that this function should be preceded by matrimony, I have no power at present to marry members of my congregation without a special license, costing £29. While anxious to speak with all due respect of my spiritual superiors, I cannot help saying that I do not consider I have received such treatment as might have been expected from the ecclesiastical authorities. When I carried the case into the Bishop's Consistory Court, I was met with a curt refusal. Nothing daunted, I made a second attempt, only to again meet with the same scant courtesy. With the full approval of my congregation and the hearty support of the Press, I determined, if need be, to appeal to the Court of Arches. On intimation of my intention, Dr. Tristram, the Chancellor, wrote me a letter himself suggesting that it would be advisable to suspend further proceedings, as the Bishop of London was pledged to bring in the Marriage Facility Bill early in the present session, which would remedy the anomaly without additional litigation. From that time to this, however, I have not heard a word from the Bishop. It is all the harder because my whole clerical career has been spent in the diocese of London, and I have never received one penny of money as income from the State for my services."

"I have been told you have some special services for children?"

"Yes; during Advent and Lent there is a children's service every Wednesday afternoon. There are stands on either side of the organ for my lanterns, and very fine dissolving views are thrown upon a screen, which draws down, as you will remark, over the altar. The subjects are all, of course, sacred, and I give a running commentary upon the pictures as they appear. These services are most popular, and the children thoroughly enjoy them."

"Did Miss Florence St. John ever sing in your choir?"

"Yes. At the request of many members of the theatrical profession, a special service was held here on Dec. 18, 1892, in memory of poor Fred Leslie. Miss St. John then volunteered her services, and sang Mendelssohn's 'Oh, rest in the Lord'; and several of the Gaiety Theatre artistes, who were also present, sang the late Lord Tennyson's 'Crossing the Bar.'"

Dr. Ker-Gray is a grandson of the late Robert Gray, Bishop of Bristol, who married a daughter of General Ker, a near, but unsuccessful, claimant to the dukedom of Roxburghe, and the Rev. Doctor has been informed that if everybody had their own he would now be the close relation of a "dook." He was educated at Trinity College, Cambridge, where he took his B.A. in 1863, and, not content with this, proceeded to annex unto himself the LL.M., reading for his thesis a dissertation on Church Patronage—very little of which has fallen his way—and finally



Photo by H. Dixon and Son, Albany Street, N.W.

THE REV. DR. E. KER-GRAY.—BY MR. SKIPWORTH.

became a full-fledged LL.D. After his ordination he was licensed to St. Peter's, Bayswater. Here he remained for five years, winning the goodwill and respect of all classes, abundantly proved by the fact that he received a testimonial of £500 on leaving. He was next appointed first vicar of the newly formed parish of St. Michael and All Angels, North Kensington, where he soon made a name as a clear and forcible extempore preacher, and finally settled down at St. George's Chapel, Albemarle Street, in 1889.

In 1890 Dr. Ker-Gray was appointed chaplain to Sir (then Mr.) Augustus Harris, on the latter's being elected to the shrievalty of the City of London. It appears that when a sheriff is knighted he can, if he so pleases, retain his chaplain after his year of office has expired. This Sir Augustus elected to do, and, no doubt, provides much vicarious employment for his spiritual luxury. Of his 'City' experiences, Dr. Ker-Gray has a fund of anecdotes to relate; but they are a little "too previous" for present repetition.

In addition to his civic duties, Dr. Ker-Gray has also served for over twenty years as chaplain to the South Middlesex Rifle Volunteers, receiving for his services, last June, the Volunteer decoration.

All things to all men—and women—the Rev. Doctor may best be described as "many-sided," and has made himself equally at home in days gone by riding on the elephant at the "Zoo" with Miss Ada Cavendish, the late Mr. Walter Gordon, and other theatrical friends, after a social function there, as within the precincts of Newgate, administering ghostly consolation to Mrs. Pearcey, the unhappy murderess of Mrs. Hogg. Among his other accomplishments, Dr. Ker-Gray was a talented member of the Royal Amateur Orchestral Society, where for many years he played with skill and precision the cornet and the big drum. His tuition in that excellent society has, probably, not a little assisted him in acquiring the art of discreetly blowing his own trumpet. In conclusion, let it be said for Dr. Ker-Gray that he has served for over a quarter of a century in the diocese of London, dependent during that period in every case solely upon the voluntary contributions of his congregations.

M. F. A.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

A delightful addition to the library of learning made easy—and of that library let us speak not only with gratitude for its convenience, but respect—is Miss Alice Zimmern's version of "The Home Life of the Ancient Greeks" (Cassell), a German work by Dr. H. Blümner. To a young student of the classics not yet warmed into discovering the life that is in them it would be an awakening; but to the ordinary reader even, unread in the classics, it presents its subject in an attractive form.

Everyone is interested in some of its sections—in costume, the way of doing the hair, gymnastics, sport, trade, the theatre, marriage, health, sickness, and so on, and the Greek habits in these have a great deal of suggestion for the modern and the unlearned reader. The book shows signs of abundant research, but all the results have been prepared for the palate of the vulgar. It is copiously illustrated.

Doubtless, it is interesting to know you are reading the first Bulgarian book translated into English, and one of the first Bulgarian works of fiction. You can have the sensation by reading Ivan Vazoff's "Under the Yoke," which Mr. Heinemann has brought out in his International Library, and which the inexhaustible Mr. Gosse, who faces all literatures fearlessly, introduces to English readers with words of enthusiasm.

It will not strike everybody as it does Mr. Gosse. Bulgaria will, perhaps, soon do better, and, probably, by aid of M. Vazoff's pen. It is long-winded and stagy, and parts of it read like a mixture of Erekmann-Chatrian, Tolstoi, and some purely Teutonic novel that I cannot recall; but there are passages of great charm, and the tale, though it might be better told, is a fine heroic one. It is a valuable historic document, too, for it contains the fresh recollections of a deeply interested eye-witness of the troubles of Bulgaria before the Russo-Turkish War.

The new volume of selections from Blake which Mr. W. B. Yeats has prepared for the Muses' Library (Lawrence and Bullen) will prove a serious rival to the Aldine edition. Though edited by a "new Blakist," who has the key to make all Blake's mystic philosophy coherent, it does not concern itself overmuch with the obscurer parts of Blake's writings, but aims at being a good "working edition."

In "The Works of William Blake" (Quaritch) Mr. Yeats and his fellow-editor, Mr. E. J. Ellis, altered the text considerably—no doubt, for excellent reasons, but reasons which have less force in a popular edition; and the Rossetti text of the Aldine edition is an altered one, too. Here Mr. Yeats has resorted to the simple plan of restoring Blake's own. His work as an editor is a credit to the scholarly and charming Muses' Library, and not the least delightful thing about the volume is his introductory essay, which deserves to be read, and that is more than can be said of most introductions.

Mr. William Winter's "Life and Art of Edwin Booth" (Unwin) is first of all a tribute of affection. The friend and the patriot speaks in it more than the critic. Booth was an idealist who let his idealism well to the surface, and a man of such a temperament is always quick to gain the better kind of friendship. His friends looked on him as a poet and a prophet rather than as a mere caterer for their amusement.

Winter, as an intimate companion, obtained some information from Booth about his life, but hardly enough. The life of an actor one expects to find specially interesting: the roving, gypsy character of its beginning gives opportunities for adventure. Booth was nearly always on tour, and from the time he pasted his own bills in Honolulu—because the boys engaged threw them away and ate the paste—to the time of his last visit to Europe his career seems to have been marked by abundance of incident. But the story of it given here is both reserved and scrappy; if it had been fuller we would willingly have sacrificed some of the critiques on his famous parts, intelligent and readable as they are.

For all his emotional nature, Booth seems to have been exceptionally shy, easily chilled by strangers, and little at his ease off the stage, except with intimates. "He once mentioned to me," says Mr. Winter, "an amusing incident of his experience at a dinner party at the Boston house of Oliver Wendell Holmes. The company, he said, was large, and the conversation animated. He had taken no part in it, except that of a listener. Something presently suggested an anecdote to him, and he began to speak to his nearest neighbour. Instantly there was attentive silence all round the table. 'I never got beyond the first sentence,' Booth added, 'for the sudden stillness and the general attention so startled me that I completely forgot what I had intended to say, and so stuck fast and said nothing.'"

A handy life of Sir Joshua Reynolds was wanted, something that would summarise the facts in Leslie and Taylor's and in Northcote's lives and revise their information. It is now forthcoming, compiled by Claude Phillips and published by Messrs. Seeley. "Compiled," however, is hardly a good enough word to apply to a piece of work carried out with such intelligence, and containing some excellent criticism, if couched in rather ponderous language. The nine copperplates from pictures by Reynolds have been produced by an admirable process, and in themselves give value to the book.

O. O.

THE BOOK AND ITS STORY.

A TALE OF THE COMING TERROR.*

In the presence of Edward Bellamy, Ignatius Donnelly, and last, but not least, the Rev. W. Baxter, no one would dream of denying that the gift of prophecy is as highly developed at the close of this century as ever it was in the world's history. But, as Alexander Dumas said to the judge when he accused him of being a dramatist, "*Il y a des degrés.*" In the



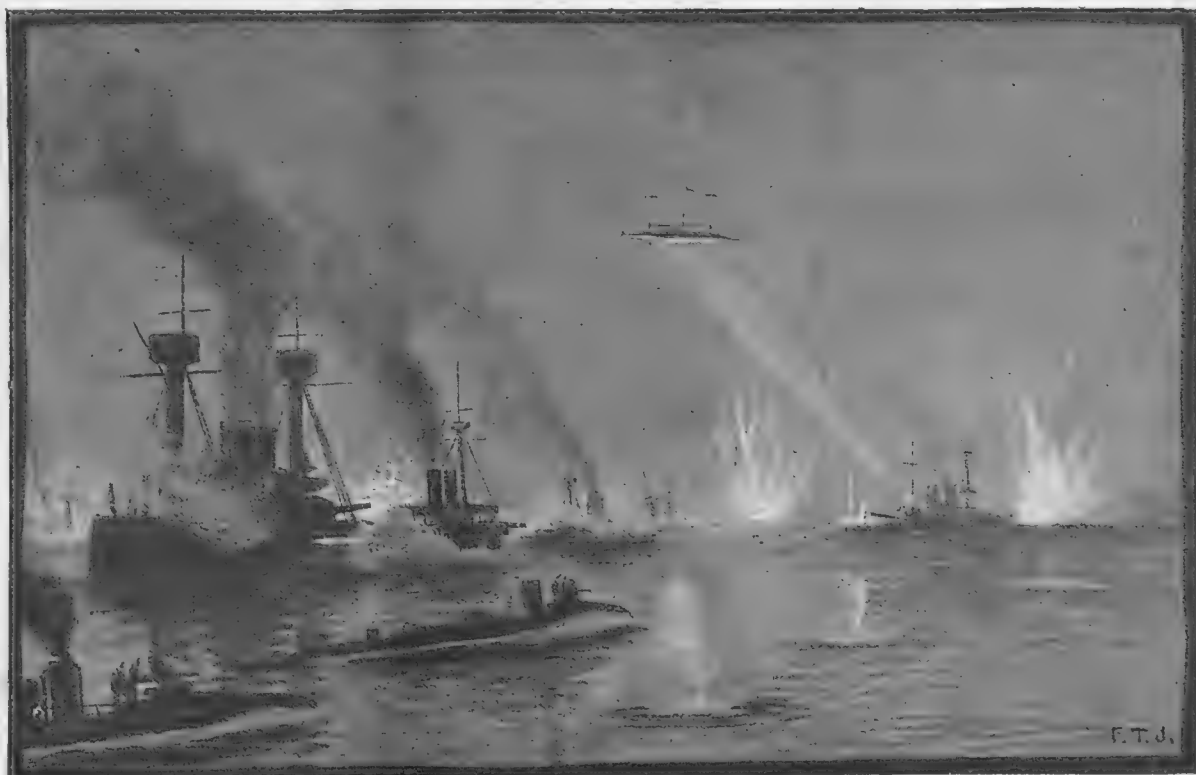
NATASHA.

days of, let us say, Elijah, the prophets—that is, the true prophets—were of one mind concerning the things they predicted. With our latter-day seers it is otherwise. Each interprets the time to be in his own sweet way, and the result is a trifling mystifying to the plain man. Can it be that there is a lion in the way for a few of these nimble foretellers? If so, I trust that it will not get wind of Mr. George Griffith, for he is far more entertaining than his compeers. He gives his predictions to humanity wrapped in the "embroidered casuistry" of fiction. Nay, more, for he seasons the evil things of his prophecy by the presence of a heroine of surpassing beauty. She is a sort of "Vierge Rouge" in her *première jeunesse*, and her name is Natasha. The first chapters of the book belong, however, to the hero, one Richard Arnold, who has the reputation of being a "crank." Like a second Palissy, he brings his invention to perfection just as he is on the eve of starvation.

Chance throws him in the way of a member of the great secret society known to the initiated as the Brotherhood of Freedom and to the world as the Terrorists. At the persuasion of this friend in need, Richard Arnold joins their ranks, and places his marvellous air-ship at the disposal of its chief, Natas, a mysterious being, who is known to his subjects principally as the father of Natasha. Shortly after, Arnold is despatched on a secret mission to Russia in the company of this damsel and Anna Ornovski, a princess with Nihilistic leanings. The two women fall into the hands of the Russian police, and are sentenced to Siberia. They are rescued by Arnold on the trial trip of his air-ship, and the fortress of Cronstadt is destroyed at the same time, for in the twentieth century, which is the date of this story, projectiles are in use which as agents of destruction transcend a millionfold the power of our present Woolwich popguns.

But the Brotherhood of Freedom is not entirely recruited from the recalcitrant subjects of the Czar. Mr. George Griffith does not forget that "it's greatly to his credit that he is an Englishman." To make a peer of Albion the right-hand man of the Terrorist chief may seem at first sight rather an obscure manifestation of the patriotic spirit. Lord Alanmere supplies the missing link between the old civilisation and the new regeneration, and his presence in the story enables its author to associate the ultimate destiny of the British Empire with the conquering forces of the Revolution. At the period when the action of the narrative takes place Queen Victoria has abdicated in favour of the present Prince of Wales, and is living in comparative retirement. The Parliamentary parties range themselves under the leadership of Mr. Balfour and Mr. John Morley. On the very eve of the last Titanic struggle of the nations, England is discovered in the throes of a General Election, and the day after the Conservative Ministry returns to power France declares war. Russia, who has nominally been at war with Britain for over a month, suddenly takes the offensive, and pours her Asiatic troops into the passes of the Hindu Kush. At the same moment Italy secedes from the Triple Alliance.

Thenceforward the new warfare progresses without Terrorist intervention. They hold a watching brief for Liberty, Fraternity, and Equality, and occupy themselves in the construction of a fleet of air-ships. Meanwhile, the Czar, with his war-balloons, carries everything before him. After devastating the European Continent, the Muscovite forces decide to beard the British Lion in his own den. Aberdeen is bombarded and falls, coincident with the surrender of the German Emperor and the occupation of Berlin by the armies of the Czar. It is not, however, till the Russian troops are at the gates of London that the Terrorists abandon their neutral position. By their agency the secret alliance which the Czar has sought to conclude with America is brought to naught. The battles of Dover and Harwich had placed the English Metropolis practically at the Muscovite's mercy. But ere the downfall of the city could be consummated the Brotherhood, with its aerial fleet, looms in sight. The Armageddon of the Western World is fought, and the spoil is to the irresistible artillery of the air. The first shot is fired by the "Angel of the Revolution," and after that the Terrorist token is to slay and spare not. These are somewhat sanguinary tactics for the inaugurators of international amity; but Nihilists will be Nihilists to the end of the chapter. The Czar himself is taken prisoner, and this lurid prophecy closes with the picture of his Imperial Majesty on his way to the Siberian mines, while the Angel of the Revolution bestows her hand on the admiral of the aerial fleet.



THE RESULTS OF THE AIR-SHIP'S ATTACK WERE DESTRUCTIVE ALMOST BEYOND DESCRIPTION.

* "The Angel of the Revolution." By George Griffith. London: Tower Publishing Company.

JOURNALS AND JOURNALISTS OF TO-DAY.

VIII.—DR. R. NICOLL AND THE "BRITISH WEEKLY."

In the series of articles which Dr. Robertson Nicoll has been writing for the *Bookman* on the literary associations of Hampstead—for it was literary long before it became "appy"—there will, in all probability,



Photo by H. Mendelssohn, Pembroke Crescent, W.

DR. ROBERTSON NICOLL.

be a chapter missing. That chapter would deal with Dr. Nicoll himself, and it is so interesting that *The Sketch* must needs supply it.

Dr. Nicoll lives and breathes in the world of books and bookmen as few writers ever do. His childhood, spent away in the far north, was passed in a library such as was to be found in very few country manses. As an undergraduate, he gravitated, as by a natural law, to book-reviewing, and after twelve years of ministerial labour his bent reasserted itself so strongly that he gave himself up entirely to literature, coming to London in 1886 to start the *British Weekly*. Since that time his ceaseless energy has amazed all those who know not its genesis and development. It is not that he has started this journal and that magazine of his own; but he keeps a sleepless eye on the whole field of journalism—witness, as one instance, his masterly "Life of James Macdonell"—so that he seems to have reduced the whole thing to that scientific point where one can deal clearly with cause and effect. His quaint old house, Bay Tree Lodge, which stands off rambling Froggnal Lane, not far from where Mr. Walter Besant has housed himself in artistic red brick, has also its associations, for it was there that

Johnson is believed to have written one of his poems. I don't know how Dr. Nicoll overtakes all his work—the editing of the *Expositor*, the *British Weekly*, the *Bookman*, and the *Woman at Home*, to say nothing of more than one series of books (writes a representative), but I found him willing to spare an hour for cross-examination on the secret of success in journalism. I naturally began with his own.

"How did you come to start the *British Weekly*?" I asked, for the enterprise seemed daring, in face of the number of widely read rivals in the field.

"In this way: I saw that the secular Press was paying increased attention to literature from the secular standpoint. But it struck me that there was the religious man's point of view—that he, too, was interested in the literary movement of the time, and so the *British Weekly* was born."

"And your prediction has not been false?"

"On the contrary: the paper increases in popularity by steady steps, for its drift is entirely with the times. For example, take the staid *Wesleyan Methodist Magazine*. It recently published an article on Thomas Hardy, himself Pagan of the Pagans, from the pen of Mr. H. D. Lowry. That is a very significant fact."

"And may we expect the religious Press not only to criticise, but to introduce writers?"

"That has been done already. The *British Weekly*, for instance, was I think, the first to make the English public acquainted with the charming work of Miss Mary Wilkins and Miss Barlow. It was the first paper that had an article by Mr. Barrie over a signature. It was among the earliest to recognise the ability of 'Mark Rutherford,' and at the present moment there is appearing in its pages sketches of Scotch life by a new writer, Ian Maclaren, who gives promise of notable work. Naturally, however, the *Weekly* could not embrace all parts of current literature, so the *Bookman* came into existence."

"But why so, in view of the existing literary journals?"

"Well, to begin with," it was explained, "there is a class of readers scattered over the country who can't afford a great deal of time to literature, though they are desirous of keeping abreast of the stream, and that, too, as if they were living in the clubland of writers in London, with all its delightful gossip. Here, again, the existence of the journal has been thoroughly justified. But, of course, what has exceeded all expectations is the *Woman at Home*, which on four occasions—and it was issued only in October—has had to print editions of 100,000 each."

"How do you account for its success?"

"Well, it has recognised the fact that women like to read something more stirring, more vertebrate than what has been generally supplied to them in the shape of literature. I shall give them 'Q.' and the best writers. They have become tired of goody-goody and second-rate work."

"The effect of twenty years of education alongside the other sex?" I suggested.

"At any rate, the fact remains. The success of the *Strand Magazine* has demonstrated it, for women have read 'Sherlock Holmes' with the intensest interest. And remember that boys' books are extremely popular with girls, while the reverse is not the case. *À propos* of 'Sherlock Holmes,' let me say that the great want of the hour in periodical fiction is a Wilkie Collins, a writer that can arrest the attention of his readers in his opening chapters and keep it riveted to the very end. It is the want of such writers that has called the short story into existence."



BAY TREE LODGE, FROGNAL, HAMPSTEAD.

"But would a Wilkie Collins unaided make a journal to-day?"

"By no means. People must have pictures. They have come to be absolutely essential. It is not possible to start a new magazine that isn't illustrated, except, of course, in the case of class or trade organs."

"And this is to be accounted for—"

"By the enormous strides that have been made in the modern processes of reproduction, both as regards cheapness and quality. And it is only in its infancy as yet."

"But even pictures, surely, won't do everything?" I argued, wishful to get Dr. Nicoll to expound the secret of his success.

"Certainly not. Every new journal must have a certain note—a personality pervading it." [Who can doubt this after reading "Claudius Clear" and "A Man of Kent" in the *British Weekly*?] "It won't do," he continued, "simply to shovel together material, however good it may be."

"And then?"

"Then systematic arrangement is a great thing in a paper. People like to find certain features in a certain place—to come to be as much at home in a paper as they are in their houses. It is here that *Tit-Bits* scores heavily."

"And then?"—for the chance of catechising was too good to be lost.

"Freshness is essential. It's no good to try to deceive the public. Old matter won't do. Deal honestly with your readers—give them the best that can be got. That is much more easily done nowadays than it was once, so much so that an editor's rôle is not so difficult. In the old days every journal had its own set of contributors, but now literature has become a trade, with a regular market where one may buy anything if one has the money."

"So an editor is a mere buyer in the open market?"

"Not altogether. He must not give up finding new people for himself."

"From articles submitted?"

"Not so much that as from the books published. He keeps his eye on these. The field of the sent-in article is too wide, and often too hopeless to weed."

"Is the field of magazines quite filled even now?"

"Not yet, I think. There is no good representative of what the University Extension Movement means, with all its self-culture. And then there is—"

But at this point I found it hopeless to keep pace with the fertility of this busy bookman's brain.

J. M. B.

A HORNETS' NEST.

From Photographs by Wilkinson, Devizes.

The hornet is one, and the largest one, of the seven species of wasps that are found in Great Britain. Redder in colour than the common wasp, it is far rarer, and is confined almost entirely to the southern half of



PHOTO No. 1.

England, where, when it is found, it occurs in far smaller "communities," for wasps, strange as it may appear, are sociable creatures. The hornet is a very deadly insect. In size it is almost as large as three ordinary wasps, and it is said that four of them are able to sting a horse to death, while two of them are sufficient to kill a human being. Where it occurs in considerable numbers it is very destructive to forest trees, gnawing the bark off the younger branches to obtain the wherewithal to build itself a nest.

A good specimen of a hornets' nest is by no means easy to be found, as these insects generally select an old thatch or hollow tree for their home, from which, owing to the extreme brittleness of the material

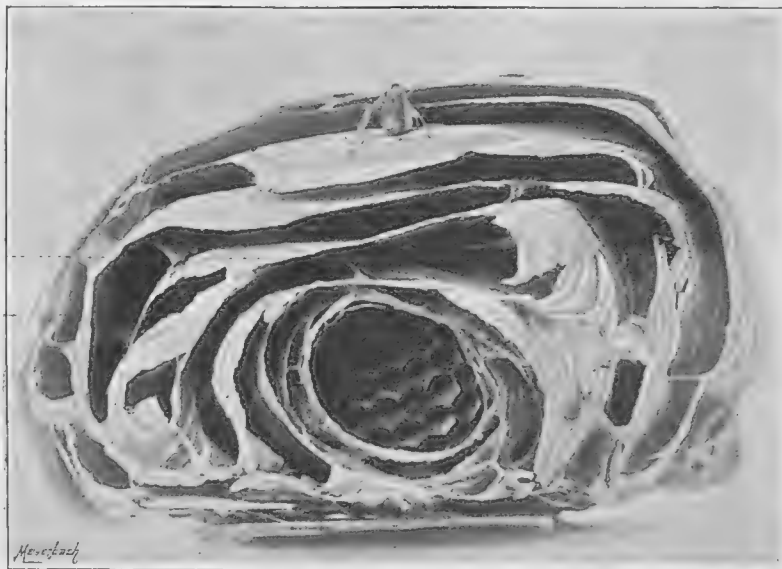


PHOTO No. 2.

employed, it would be next to impossible to get a nest out perfect. The nest here illustrated is a very remarkable and rare structure. It is in the possession of Mr. Thomas Alexander, who took it from the slated roof of the house he occupies, beside the Kennet and Avon Canal, where it was deposited during the past summer. It somewhat resembles a child's cot in shape, and was lodged in the point of the roof, between the end or "barge" rafter and brickwork, with the "hood" part of the nest hanging down; it had to be cut away with a knife from the wood and brickwork; it is built with decayed fir timber taken from the fence.

Photo No. 1 gives the position in which the nest was found on the roof, which exposes to view four upper tiers of cells, which are supported on columns in a most workmanlike manner, with side galleries so constructed as to give the insects means of reaching the upper cells from the entrance below, which is shown in Photo No. 2. This position gives a good view of the bottom cells, which are perfect hexagons, and which now contain some of the larvæ. These cells are protected by a covering of delicate work, which makes the hood of the nest, and it is beautifully wrought, the colours being blended in a very artistic manner. Photo No. 3 is also very important, as it more clearly shows the cradle shape of the nest, as

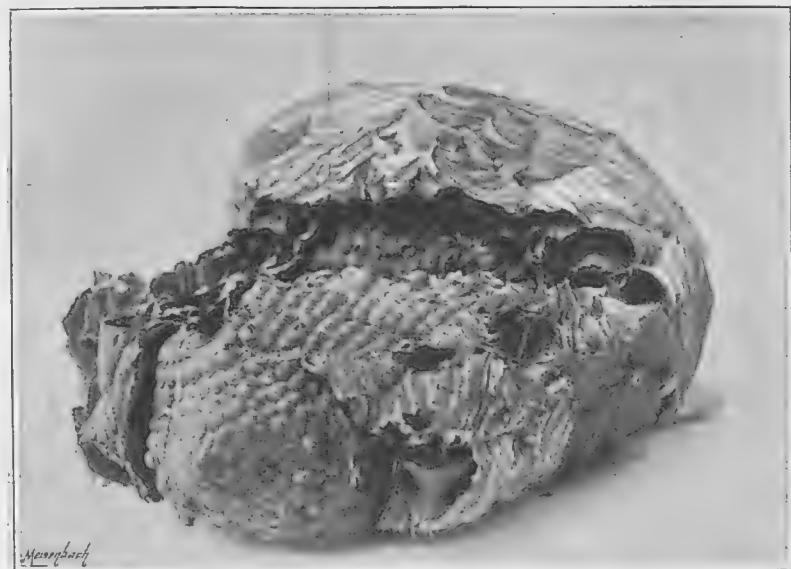
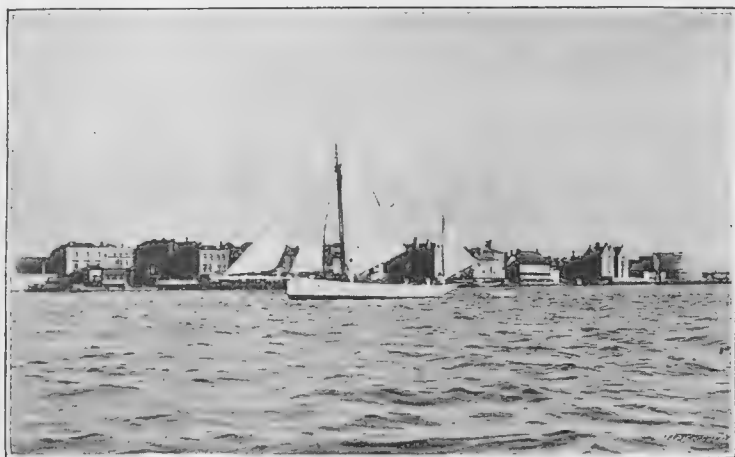


PHOTO No. 3.

well as the finish of the top and sealed ends of cells. The whole weight of the nest is 5½ ounces; a shade 14 in. in diameter by 10 in. high was necessary to cover it. Although quite a colony of these insects was flying in the neighbourhood, no one was stung by them. Mr. Alexander allowed them to remain and die by the cold weather before he ventured to have a look in at their headquarters.

"THE QUEEN'S NAVEE."

From Photographs by Gerald Grey, Clifton.

ENTRANCE TO PORTSMOUTH HARBOUR.



THE ALBERTA RETURNING TO PORTSMOUTH FROM OSBORNE.



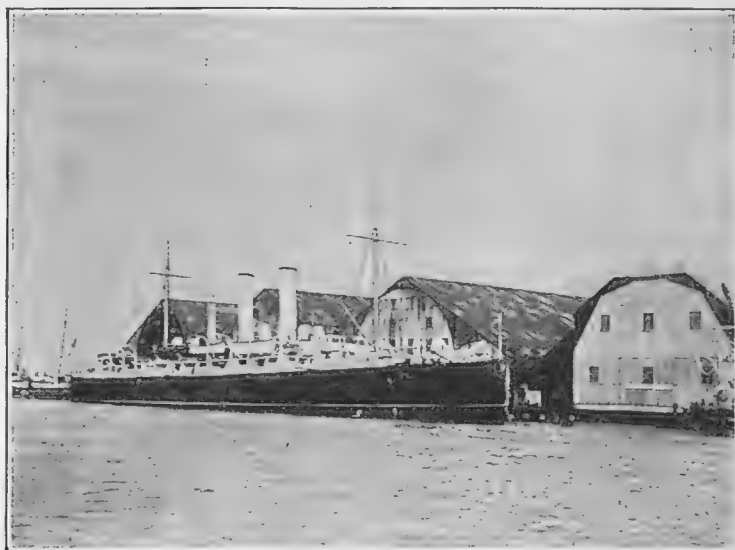
H.M.S. TROOP-SHIP CROCODILE.



H.M.S. VOLAGE.



H.M.S. HERO.



H.M.S. VULCAN.



H.M.S. VICTORY.



MAN-OF-WAR STEAM PINNACE.

"THE QUEEN'S NAVEE."

The country is being treated to one of those periodical naval sensations without which life would lack much of its liveliness. On the one hand, much is said of the inefficiency of the Navy; on the other, there is news of the Admiralty's waking up to diverse decisions, notably the superseding of the old 67-ton gun. Before long the troopships *Serapis*, *Crocodile*, *Euphrates*, and *Himalaya* will cease to be active members of the Royal Navy, and will be relegated to that retired list for her Majesty's ships which generally means service as powder-vessels, training-ships, and sometimes the historical Rotten Row in Portsmouth Harbour. It is understood that the Government have decided on this step partly in consequence of the unseaworthiness of some of the vessels in question, and partly because India, for which they were principally used, will find the "hire system" for transporting troops infinitely cheaper. Some of these "troopers" have carried our men to take part in historic wars. The *Himalaya*, which some think the oldest ship in the service, took a portion of our Crimean heroes to the scene of action. If chartered vessels were substituted for the ships now in the service, they would, in some respects, augment rather than diminish the trade of Portsmouth. In one of the sheds at Portsmouth Harbour is a relic of the *Eurydice*, the ill-fated training-ship which capsized, with over three hundred hands, off Dunnose, Isle of Wight, on Sunday, March 24, 1878, in a squall of wind and snow, only two sailors being saved. The relic in question is the figurehead of the unfortunate vessel, fished up from the depths, and conveyed, all slimy and discoloured, to Portsmouth Dockyard. Here it received the attentions of one of the artificers who carve the figureheads for the Navy, a member of a family who for some two hundred years have displayed their skill in this direction. It has been cleaned and painted, and as one enters the shed *Eurydice*, with outstretched arms, and an expression of agony such as she may have worn in Hades when yearning for the Orpheus left on earth, rivets one's attention, and displays the skill of the artist at the expense of the feelings of the spectator, for it is a harrowing and a haunting face, with a world of pain in the mouth and eyes.

THE HAREM AT "CONSTANTINOPLE
IN LONDON."

How well I remember toiling under the intense heat of an April day up through the narrow, uneven streets of a Moorish city to gaze on the dazzling white mansion where dwelt the ladies of a harem! By the stone doorway, above which was some splendid Moorish work, stood the usual beggars, with the usual disfigurements. Passing through the entrance gate one came into a large court-house, partly open to the dazzling blue sky, and here the harem held court. Some were engaged in needlework, which was not particularly striking, but its value, in their own estimation, was really immense. They seemed anxious to sell certain pieces, but after receiving payment declined to surrender the purchases with many a cunning smile and giggle. Other occupants of the harem were lazily eating sweetmeats and chattering with childish excitement, and the remainder were restlessly pacing up and down, yearning, as it were, to be free as birds of the air. It was difficult—in fact, only possible by an effort of the mind—to remember that you were but little more than a thousand miles from London, with its busy throng and fast-beating pulse, so opposite to the lazy languor of this white court, with its dark beauties.

My recollection of this was recalled by a sight of the harem at Olympia, of which a photograph is reproduced. "Constantinople in London," with all its attractive qualities, has not a few incongruities, which present an amusing side to anyone acquainted with the real "Queen of Capitals" on the Bosphorus. For instance, the harem which has proved such a magnet to the public is based on a fine Moorish interior—not Turkish—seen by Mrs. Murray Cookesley when on her journeyings. The decoration of the harem is quite distinctly Moorish, with its glow of colour and beautifully detailed design. Its occupants are ladies of high birth, all the private friends of Mrs. Cookesley, who has travelled in many lands, an experience which has been of the utmost assistance to her in her pictures of Oriental life. There is no doubt that she has paid every attention to the smallest item in the construction of the Olympic harem, as anyone who knows Morocco can testify, and the result has justified all her efforts at fidelity. The remarks of the onlookers are a crescendo movement of admiration concerning the luxurious picture placed within their view.

Mrs. Murray Cookesley is one of the few ladies who have had a special audience with the Sultan of Turkey, who commissioned her to paint a portrait of his youngest son, which so pleased his Majesty that she received the insignia of the *Chefakat*. This little boy, of whom Mrs. Cookesley was only able to catch a few glimpses when out driving, is a great favourite with the Sultan, and I recollect seeing him, brave with a heavily embroidered tunic and a splendid little sword by his side, led by one of the pashas to the mosque at Yildiz just prior to the imposing arrival thereof of the Sultan. Mrs. Cookesley had a picture, entitled "The Little Mogul," at the last exhibition of the Royal Institute, which attracted a good deal of attention, and this led the directors of "Constantinople" to commission her to construct what is decidedly an interesting feature at Olympia, especially for those who have no acquaintance with Oriental life.

HORS D'ŒUVRES.

Probably someone will have already called the attention of the newspaper-reading class to the delicious paragraph from Brazil that lately appeared among the telegrams. It was to the effect that the rebels in the south of that lively and extensive republic were suffering severely in their conflicts with the troops of President Peixoto (does one pronounce him something like Pea-shooter, or how?), and the message went on to say, "If something is not done quickly, half of them will be killed!"

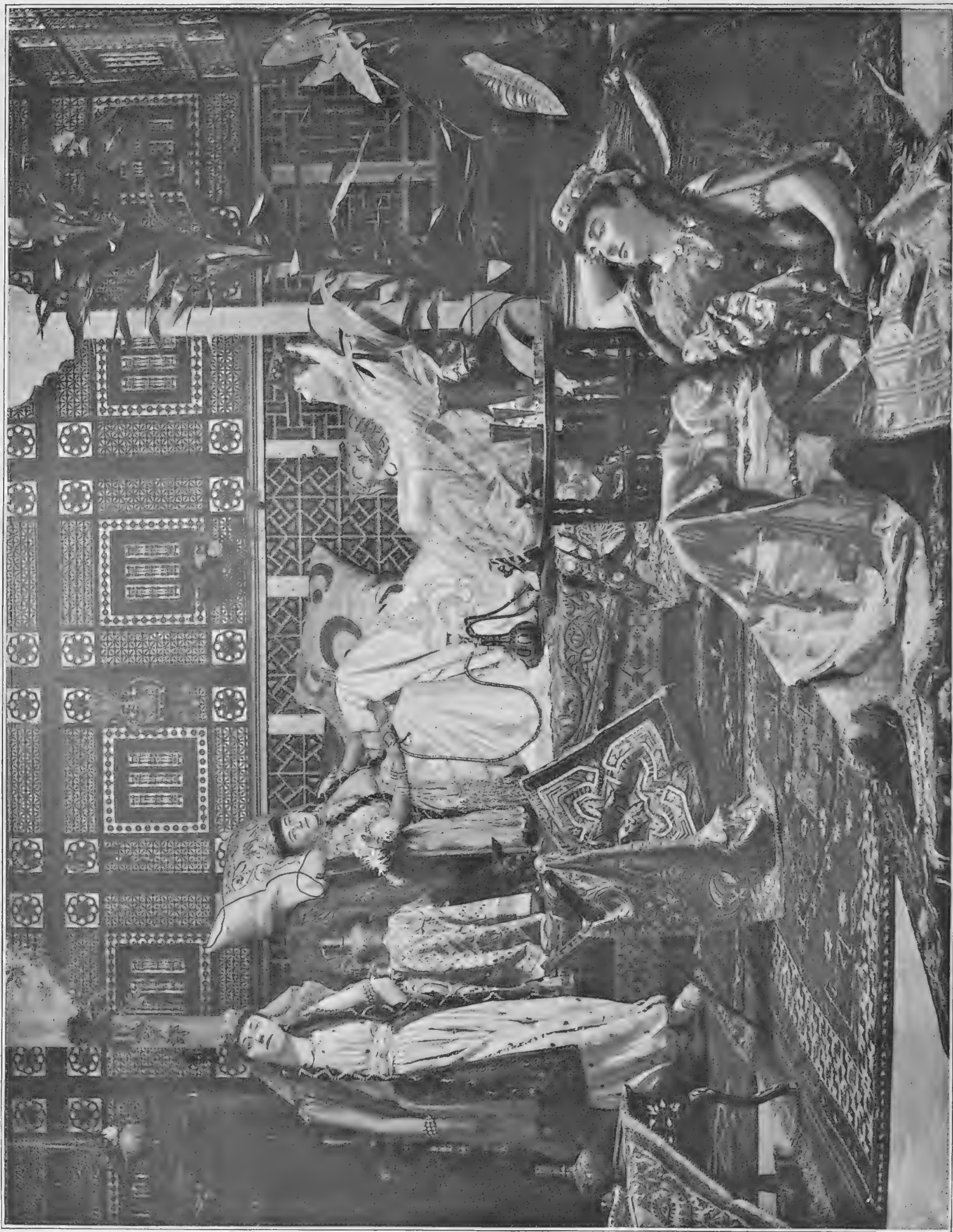
The dim magnificence of this last sentence has never, I feel sure, been surpassed in the annals of the newspaper press and of nonsense generally. The vagueness of "something" being done contrasts artistically with the mathematical accuracy of the "half." Why, if "something" be not done "quickly," will exactly half of the hapless rebels be sacrificed? And suppose the "something" took the form of massacring the other half of them, how would that alter the solution of the problem? All these questions the unconscious humourist of the telegram propounds, but leaves them in utter mystery.

Still, in such a doubtful case it is safest to follow the old adage, *Festina lente* (once translated with equal scorn of ecclesiastical and classical usage, "A feast in Lent"). The good to be obtained by haste is not evident; whereas, if something is not done quickly, at any rate one half of a body of Brazilian revolutionists will be removed from this suffering earth. Perhaps, if we are very slow in our action, the whole body will perish, and by entire abstinence from all forms of work, not only the rebels so-called, but their opponents may perish. Seldom could there be a better excuse for idleness.

For, the magnificent country from which come the nuts and Charley's Aunt may not be over-populated, but, nevertheless, could be to great advantage depleted of a large part of its present inhabitants. It really does not seem that either side cares much to bring the war to a close. Except that the Brazilian rebels are not yet recognised as belligerents, they occupy much the same position as the Confederates in the American Civil War. Supposing they triumph, how about new Alabama claims?

But international law, when administered by arbitrators between Great Britain and a foreign State, means the maximum infliction on Great Britain, short of the risk of manifest unfairness or of repudiation. When administered between two outside Powers it means, with tolerable accuracy, nothing of any importance. For such Powers only refer to arbitration matters about which they care very little and for which they would never go to war. Great or important questions are seldom referred to an international court, where members always are and always must be biassed. The choice of arbitrators is exceedingly difficult; they have to be appointed by some small State or neutral and disinterested potentate. But in that case too often the disinterested person knows nothing about the case. The admiral of Switzerland may be impartial in deciding a knotty point of maritime law, but what practical knowledge will he have of the matter? Again, in what conceivable circumstances could a French jurist be found to return a verdict fairly and squarely in favour of England? In the recent Behring Sea award the decision looked in favour of Great Britain, but practically the Americans got all they really wanted. No; to a Continental arbitrator John Bull is somebody very rich, who can always afford to lose; somebody very foolishly loyal, so that he will not repudiate the award; somebody very disagreeable, who ought to suffer; and somebody with a small army, who cannot easily take revenge for even an obviously unjust decision.

It is not a little curious how heartily we are hated abroad, and chiefly in France. Yet, except in the Egyptian matter, we have not injured French interests, and even there, if French diplomatists rage at the British occupation, French bondholders would be very sorry to see the end of it. In other respects we are really not nearly so offensive as we used to be. And in the dress of her exquisites and the training of her boys and girls France deigns to take lessons from us. We do not steal French plays as formerly, and French people recruit among our music-halls. The intercourse between the two nations was probably never greater—yet are we hated. Even a statesman of strong patriotism and fine ability like the late M. Waddington was rejected because his name and manners were English and he had been Ambassador in England. In vain would his friends point to instances where he had stoutly maintained French interests against British; it was all in vain. The foreign name, the ability to speak the tongue of perfidious Albion with absolute freedom were enough for the average Frenchman.—MARMITON.



THE HAREM AT "CONSTANTINOPLE IN LONDON."

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MESSRS. RUSSELL AND SONS, BAKER STREET, W.

THE ART OF THE DAY.

We made some brief comment last week upon the Exhibition of Early Italian Art now progressing at the New Gallery, and we made some promise of a further and more careful notice—indeed, it deserves such notice. To walk through these few rooms is, in more than a merely poetical sense, to walk through a phase of springtide. Here adorable youth, in all its gay freshness and delighted clumsiness, peeps upon you from many a canvas. You recognise at once that youth in art, like youth in life, has its limitations, that it asserts itself awkwardly and with ugly assurance; yet its moment of transformation is so sweet and so splendid that one forgives all for its promise.

In the South Gallery, towards which one naturally first bends one's steps, the first work to attract notice is a triptych by Giotto, which strikes, as it were, the opening chord of the romance which is to follow. To stand in the neighbourhood of this series of paintings is to hear, for the most part, criticism of their absurdity, their crudeness, their ludicrous awkwardness. And yet to anybody with sensitiveness for the beginnings of art they are full of an odd and most interesting charm—the charm of a pioneer enterprise in painting. For here Giotto conceived the notion of painting the human being in motion. This Christ that toils to Calvary, this Apostle that unfastens the body from the Cross—they may, perhaps, be ill-drawn, with a most engrossing lack of versimilitude. But they, nevertheless, live and move and have being. They are among the earliest pictorial creations that have action.

Another work by Giotto in the same room is much more convincing and in a more perfect order of accuracy; but the figures are still and stark; they do not live by activity. In this room, also, as elsewhere in the exhibition, one is astonished by the modernity of Lorenzo di Credi's work. We cannot agree with the critic who recently remarked that this note of modernity is usually a note of vulgarity. In the case of this one artist, at all events, it is a note of admirable technique and of wonderful skill in the modelling.

In the West Gallery—passing by the work of Di Credi, whose characteristics have been sufficiently indicated—one is arrested by a work of Ghirlandaio's, a Madonna and Child. The face of the Madonna is conceived in a spirit of utterly calm tenderness, while the general colour of the canvas is altogether delightful. A Botticelli hanging in this room, "The Holy Family and St. John the Baptist," is a highly remarkable composition, the harmonising lines of the figures having a wondrous grace and elegance. The colour, however, as is often the case with Botticelli, is a trifle insipid: it is chiefly the composition that one finds so admirable here.

The North Gallery is made chiefly interesting by its noble collection of about a score of drawings, lent, for the most part, from the exceedingly fine collection of the Queen. Fra Angelico amazes one in this regard by the boldness of his treatment and the fine modelling of his heads. All that rather minute manner, the style of a pictorial jeweller, vanishes in these drawings, and one is brought face to face with a free and fine artist. It almost goes without saying that Michelangelo should be a hero in a collection which contained any of his drawings, and it must be allowed that he qualifies for the position by his sketch for the figure of Christ—a design for the Resurrection—and the "Shooters at a Mark," which are both full of strength and conviction.

It is vastly interesting to note these scraps of faded paper with the earliest conceptions of such masters as they alighted clean and vital upon the brain. Here, with a wonderful beauty of effect, are the studies of heads of Judas and three other Apostles for the fresco of "The Last Supper"; here is the study of an angel by Pinturicchio, together with a fine "Study for the Figure of Poetry" by Raffaele, which, when completed, adorned, and still adorns, the ceiling of the Camera della Segnatura. This ceiling is, and rightly, considered to be one of the noblest of Raffaele's works, so grand is it in its large simplicity.

We have left ourselves but small space for the consideration of the works of art other than pictures which fill the rooms of this most interesting exhibition. The ivories, the plate, the illuminated manuscripts, the printed books, the most valuable collection of majolica ware—all these things have their own special interest and preciousness. One could spend much time in their companionship without any sense but one of absolute enjoyment. The whole collection, in fine, for its coherence, its order, and its essential value, is quite unique.

An exhibition which promises well is one which we cannot write about until next week, opened on Saturday at the Fine Art Society's, New Bond Street. It consists of a collection of water-colours by Kate Greenaway and of black-and-whites by Alfred Parsons. One remembers with particular pleasure Kate Greenaway's exhibition in the same rooms of two or three years ago. Her delightful children have set so general a fashion that one returns to the prototypes, despite all their technical faults, with untiring pleasure.

Mr. Harry Quilter's private view last week was a pleasing experience. The Dudley was decorated with much skill and taste, and the general effect was one of homeliness and welcome, which is more or less unknown to the decorous and stately private views with which one is familiar. The pictures themselves were seen through a mist of tea and cocoa, and were really very interesting. The exhibition was "inscribed" to Mrs. Quilter.

The photographers are indefatigable. The latest effort comes from Messrs. Marion and Co., who have issued a series of permanent prints of the beautiful photographs that come from Mr. Alfred Ellis's studio. The first of this series consists of prints of the following well-known actresses: Miss Lily Hanbury, Miss Winifred Emery, Miss Violet Cameron, Miss St. Cyr, Miss Edith Chester, Miss Maud Millett, Miss Florence St. John, Miss Olga Brandon, Miss Decima Moore, Miss Julia Neilson, Miss Lucile Hill, and Miss Hilda Hanbury. Their cost, sixpence each, is very little, considering the excellence of the work.

Mr. T. B. Hardy desires us to state that a certain charcoal sketch which appeared in our issue of Jan. 10 was in no sense based upon a famous subject of Mr. W. Logsdail's. We very much regret that Mr. Hardy's picture should have been attributed to any other inspiration than his own undoubted talent.

The election of Mr. John M. Swan and Mr. Arthur Hacker to Associateships of the Royal Academy on the 16th once more completes the full total of membership. Both the successful candidates have many friends, and there is general agreement as to their election. It must be quite unique for the Academy to elect five new members within a fortnight.



LUNA.—CHARLES P. SAINTON.

Purchased by the Princess of Wales. Exhibited at the Burlington Gallery, Old Bond Street, W.

Of course, Mr. John M. Swan's election, after his place in the ballot of the week before, was more or less a foregone conclusion, and it will be generally acknowledged that he is very worthy of the honour. No animal painter who has worshipped at Academic shrines has proved himself to have so complete a sympathy with his subject;



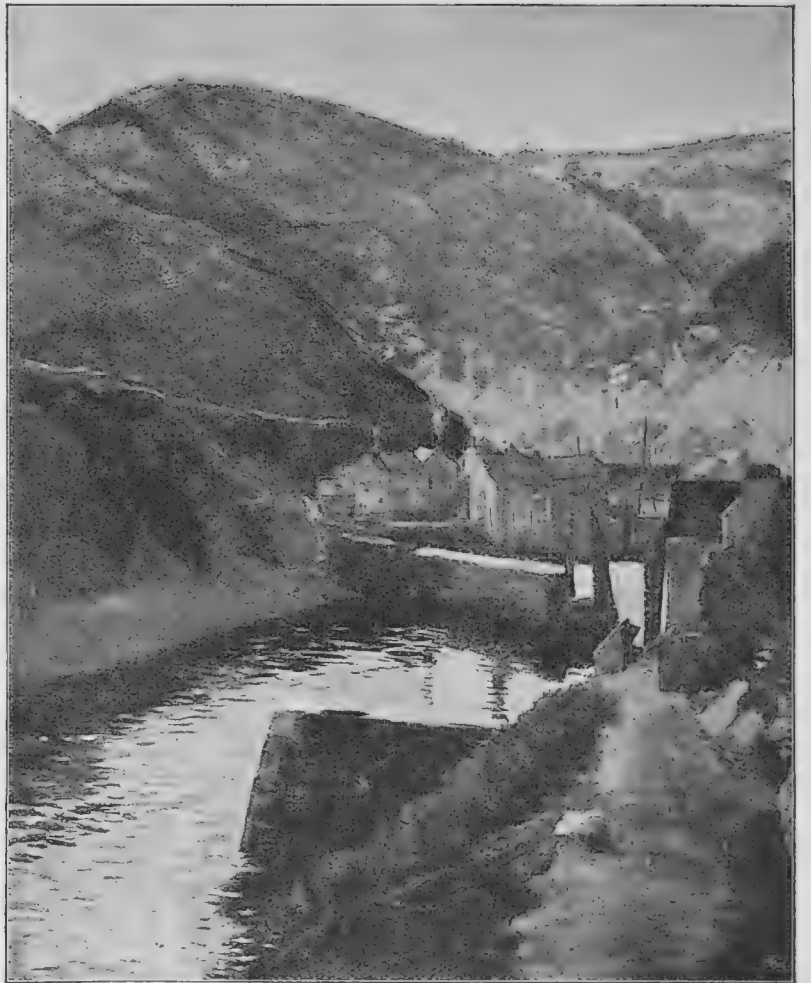
AT THE FOOT OF THE ROSEGLACIER.—HARRY QUILTER.
Exhibited at the Dudley Gallery, Piccadilly.

as a colourist, too, he has great claims to admiration. Mr. Arthur Hacker has been elected in the nick of time, and again we shall not say that the choice was undeserved.

The Year's Art (Virtue and Sons) is better than ever. It contains capitally condensed information which one seeks in vain elsewhere.

For many outside that excellent company entitled the Friends, a book, in sober drab cover, just issued, will have an interest. It is the second volume of "Quaker Pictures" (Edward Hicks, jun.), and contains admirable reproductions of portraits and other subjects, with explanatory notes, relating to the Friends. There are first-rate pictures of Benjamin West, P.R.A., John Lilburne, and others.

A new monthly magazine, the *Photogram*, is published at the Memorial Hall, Farringdon Street. Its first number is, naturally, better



EVENING AT POLPERRO.—HARRY QUILTER.
Exhibited at the Dudley Gallery, Piccadilly.

as to promise than performance. Doubtless it will improve, and be a useful addition to the increasing literature on photography. It is well printed, and costs threepence.



THE LAST GLIMPSE OF HOME.—G. SHERIDAN KNOWLES, R.B.A.
Exhibited at the Gallery of the Royal Society of British Artists.



A KNOTTY POINT AT THE PARISH COUNCIL.—WALTER J. MORGAN, R.D.A.
Exhibited at the Gallery of the Royal Society of British Artists.

ROUMANIAN WAR SCENES.

Painted, by command of the King of Roumania, by Johann Schönberg, Special Artist of the "Illustrated London News."



THE ROUMANIAN ARMY CROSSING THE DANUBE, SEPT. 1, 1877.



THE FIRST VISIT OF THE KING OF ROUMANIA TO THE GRAVITZA REDOUBT (TAKEN FROM THE TURKS), SEPT. 13, 1877.

A LADY DETECTIVE'S EXPERIENCES.

"A female detective!" The very words suggested to my mind (writes a *Sketch* representative) a yellow-covered novel, and I could scarcely



A LADY DETECTIVE.

believe that the quietly dressed, essentially refined-looking, blonde young woman who gracefully entered the room where I had been anxiously awaiting her could be the "officer" in question.

I fear I was not entirely successful in concealing my surprise, and Miss — smiled observantly, but indulgently.

"You are astonished to see a woman under thirty, with claims to being considered a lady, in my position, perhaps," she asserted rather than questioned, embarrassing me additionally; "but what would you have? Surely, in no other profession is intelligence, refinement, and a certain amount of good looks so necessary towards attaining an end, unless, perhaps, in the profession of husband-hunting, which, I confess, isn't in my line. If the special

attributes pertaining to womanhood, and very often its charm, were not required, there need be no female detectives."

I assented to this statement; but the advocate of her sex and exponent of her profession continued—

"Probably you feel that one is degrading that very charm of womanhood in putting it to such practical uses. But I don't admit that. It is no one's duty to wrap his or her talents in a napkin and bury them. I am by birth a lady, and if I were not I should have twice the difficulty I have ever experienced in achieving success professionally."

"Would you object to telling me how you happened to choose your present line of business?" I humbly inquired.

"Oh, no; certainly not," she returned. "I can say anything in reason to you, now that I have obtained your promise not to publish my name, or that of the agency by which I am employed. In fact, an interview with either man or woman of my profession would be difficult, if not impossible, to secure on any other terms."

"My father was a Scotchman, and that most wretched of men, a poor army officer. At his death there was nothing for me, so far as my relatives could see, but to become a governess or a companion. The idea of such dependence was hateful to me, and so were the two or three situations I filled before my mind travelled elsewhere. I had always been particularly fond of detective stories, like a good many other young people whose own life is uneventful, and while I was in the position of companion to an old lady I unearthed a plot against her, or rather against her plate and jewellery, by the butler and an accomplice. That gave me an idea of escape from bondage. I applied at a certain detective agency, and though scarcely hoping that the services of an amateur would be accepted, perhaps my self-confidence, or something in my appearance, was in my favour, for I was soon after given a trial as assistant in a simple case where a woman's services were required. All that happened eight years ago. I have remained under the same employers, advancing rapidly in their confidence, and I don't think I shall be guilty of vanity if I say that I have been able to engineer a number of difficult cases with considerable success. Sometimes an idea which is of infinite service in discovering a mystery comes to me like an inspiration. At other times piecing out a clue is inexpressibly tedious. And always I endeavour to carry out my work in accordance with a certain principle."

"What is that?"

"I refuse to undertake any affair which, in my opinion, smacks of injustice or degradation."

"It must be difficult to make nice distinctions?" I returned doubtfully.

"So it is, but not impossible, especially if the occasion arises when one has established one's self in a certain position in one's profession. For instance, I will never consent to have any part in injuring a woman's character, unless I am sure she has deserved exposure. I will give you an example. A man, an heir to a title, and well known in society, was anxious to obtain a divorce from his wife. He had collected little or no evidence of importance against her, but his eagerness and the gossip regarding him and a pretty French actress led one to believe that he was simply weary of domestic relations. Fearing at last that his wife would attempt to turn the tables upon him, he was very desirous of tracing and offering a bribe to a certain woman, who had been employed in his house as his wife's maid, and who was in possession of various facts to the prejudice of his character. No one, however, appeared who knew her address, except her former mistress, who could not be expected to reveal it to the enemy. In this difficulty the gentleman appealed to our firm, and I was selected to conduct investigations. I decided at once to call upon the lady, say that the maid had referred me to her for a recommendation, and then pretend to have mislaid the card with the address the woman had given me. I went to the house, and probably

all would have gone according to my plans had my hostess and I not instantly recognised each other as old school-fellows. She had been one of the sweetest and truest girls I had ever known, and I had not forgotten her, though we had lost sight of each other years before her marriage. In her pleasure at discovering a friend of her old, happy, girlish days, she confided to me her present troubles. If I had not been acquainted with her character in the past, I might have received her words as but a garbled version of a story, but I was convinced that she was incapable of falsehood, or of the conduct with which her husband had charged her. I could not betray her confidence, nor yet the trust of my employers, and I was in a dilemma. I should have liked, as a woman, to warn her against her husband's plots, but as a detective that was impossible, so I merely sympathised with her, and promptly informed the management that someone else must be employed in the affair. If my services had not been considered somewhat valuable, I should doubtless have been discharged on the spot, but as it was I escaped with a reprimand. However, no matter what might have been the consequences to me, I could not have acted differently."

"Have you ever been employed by a jealous wife to spy upon her husband?" I inquired.

"Alas! yes, dozens of times," sighed my informant. "That is the most ordinary, if lamentable, of incidents. And I'm sorry to say—though I'm always glad to find people innocent—that where there is a good deal of smoke there is too apt to be more than a little fire."

"I should think it would be difficult for a woman detective to get hold of evidence," I said.

"On the contrary, it is especially easy in a particular kind of case," she returned. "It is not, however, always agreeable."

"And don't you feel that as a woman your position is often dangerous as well as disagreeable?" I inquired.

"Yes, from an outsider's point of view; but I trust to my mother wit to extricate me from positions which are risky, and it has never failed me yet. You see, my profession is one to sharpen the intellect, and there is even a certain sense of exultation about placing oneself—necessarily, of course—in a false position, and then working one's way out again, which is not without its peculiar zest. Besides, I am well paid, and have every facility given me for clearing obstacles from my path."

"How do you like working in robbery cases and helping to bring thieves to justice?"

"Exceedingly, what little experience I have had; but that sort of thing, unfortunately, lies oftener within a man's province. Once, however, I was disguised, and served for six weeks in a grand house as a maid, endeavouring to discover if the servants had been concerned in a robbery of jewels."

"And what did you discover?"

"One of the footmen was implicated, but merely as an accessory. He is now, however, in prison for another crime. Again, in the guise of a respectable, middle-aged housekeeper, I discovered the secret of a missing will. It was a case never brought into the courts, but it reflected some credit upon me, I must say, and I thoroughly enjoyed working it out to the end."

"I can't fancy your deceiving anyone in the garb of a middle-aged woman," I exclaimed.

"Ah, that is a part of my vocation I particularly delight in—various disguises," Miss — replied. "I have brought it to a science, and take as much pride in it as a 'character artist' on the stage. It is not all a question of wigs, grease-paint, or putting cotton in one's cheeks. I will even wager that without a single change, save a smoothing of my hair and an alteration in facial expression, with a pair of glasses on my eyes, you would never recognise me."

"I should like you to try the experiment," I said.

"I will." The pretty young woman of twenty-seven or eight turned her back upon me for the space of sixty seconds. When the face was again presented to me I could scarcely believe it to be the same. All the fluffy light hair was pushed off the high forehead, the bright eyes obscured with glasses, behind which they blinked like those of an old woman, while the small mouth seemed enlarged, with a depending upper lip, which, together with the sunken and wrinkled cheeks, put an additional thirty years on the countenance of the owner.

"You see, it is well to be prepared for all emergencies," the mysterious being laughed triumphantly.

"And would you advise other young women, thrown on their own resources, to follow your example in the choice of a profession?" I queried, after my wonderment had sufficiently subsided.

The fair detective hesitated for a moment. "Yes," she said at last, "provided they feel themselves possessed of the right sort of talent, rounded out by pluck, presence of mind, and a modicum of self-confidence. Without these qualities, they had better not attempt what could only end in failure."

If I had secretly cherished a lurking ambition in the said direction, this ultimatum would have settled it for ever.

EXPERIENTIA DOCET.

"And you say you should always suspect a man who is extremely attentive to his own wife?"

"I certainly would."

"Why?"

"Because he would not know how to do it unless he had had abundant practice with someone else."—*Life*.

THE LIGHT SIDE OF NATURE.



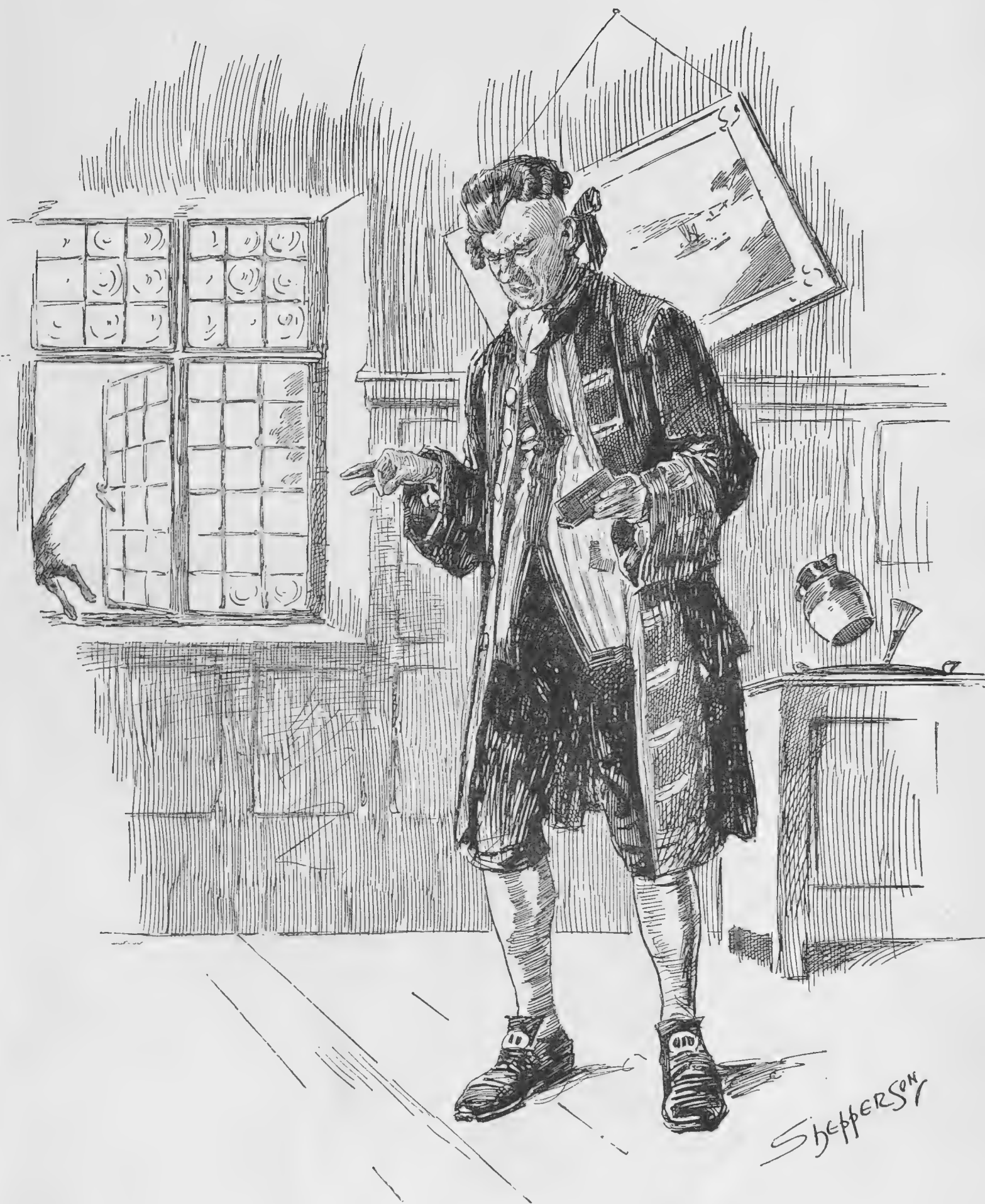
AT "CONSTANTINOPLE IN LONDON."

"Do me proud, 'Arry, but this one fairly taikes the bloomin' *Caique* !"



"On which side of a cow should you milk her?"

"On the udder side, you goose!"



THE RESULTS OF A SNEEZE.



OBVIOUS!

"Policeman, do the omnibuses pass here for Camberwell? What colour are they?"
"W'y, Camberwell Green, o' course, Mum."

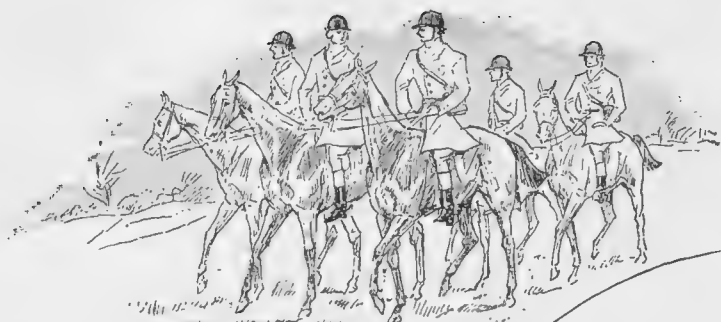
DRAWN BY J. F. SULLIVAN.



SCULPTOR: "This is a rough sketch of the figure I want you to sit for, Miss Modality."

MODEL: "Hum! I don't care for that much. Why don't you do something like Leighton's 'Bath of Physic'?"

DRAWN BY LASCELLES.



"The Second-knise Contingent"



Brought to their noses



"Last but not least."



"The 'Niagara-like' Rush!"

Angus McKillop 1894



"What? Oh! dear no!"

QUORN
JOTTINGS



"The notorious 'over'"



"Beavers to head"

THE THIRTEENTH!

SCENE: *A fir-lined crag in the Highlands. A little way up, the mouth of a cave is exposed behind a small platform of grass on which the sun is shining. There are some boulders on the platform. A redwing perched on a tree just above the cave occasionally sings.*

WINIFRED runs out of the cave, followed by FRANK.

FRANK (*anxiously*). What's the matter?

WINIFRED. Didn't you hear someone?

FRANK. Nothing except that bird.

WINIFRED (*looking away from him*). You take excuses very literally.

FRANK. Oh! there was something else?

WINIFRED. How dark it was in there! The sun is blinding my eyes.

FRANK. If it was dark, might you not have trusted to my guidance?

WINIFRED. Oh, yes; but your method was so dubious.

FRANK. You are offended.

WINIFRED (*with a slightly theatrical laugh*). Amused—that's all.

FRANK. Honestly, my reason for taking your hand so—so—

WINIFRED. So?

FRANK. Unceremoniously was to pilot you round the corners.

WINIFRED (*carelessly*). How nice of you! Wonder where the others are. What will they think of me?

FRANK. What would they have thought of me if you had been hurt? If you had been killed, who, I ask, would have been held responsible?

WINIFRED. "I," said the Sparrow, "with my bow and arrow, I"—and so on. Do leave that sort of thing—conundrums—for the winter nights.

FRANK. And if I took your hand—

WINIFRED. If! Why, look at it. You crushed it to a jelly. (*Holds out her hand.*) It's black and blue even yet.

FRANK (*examining her hand*). Pink-and-white, I should say.

WINIFRED. Do be serious!

FRANK (*still holding her hand*). Transparently, delicately pink-and-white. So diminutive, so perfectly modelled!

WINIFRED (*withdrawing her hand*). Don't!

FRANK. Why have you taken it away?

WINIFRED. Why, how long did you want it?

FRANK (*moved*). For ever.

WINIFRED (*laughs*). That's rather a long time, you know. "Man wants but little here below, but wants that little long," eh? How deliciously the firs smell!

FRANK (*hurt*). You have an astonishing faculty for quotation.

WINIFRED. Really? Oh, that sun! I can positively feel the freckles sprouting out.

FRANK. Let us go under the trees; it is cooler there.

WINIFRED (*sitting on a boulder*). Thanks; I have had some experience of you in the shade.

FRANK. Winifred—let me call you Winifred.

WINIFRED. I don't mind. It sounds more convivial.

FRANK. Winifred, do you know, I—

WINIFRED. Why do you stop?

FRANK. Briefly, Winifred, I love you!

WINIFRED (*fixing a hairpin*). What alarming brevity! How happily that bird sings! (*After a pause.*) I thought you were leading up to that.

FRANK (*sentimentally*). Your heart told you.

WINIFRED. Oh, dear, no! At least a dozen people. Only this morning, Watkins, my maid, you know, said that you would do it to-day. She saw you outside my window before breakfast, when she was doing up my hair. Watkins knows a thing or two, and is usually right.

FRANK. Confound it! I beg your pardon.

WINIFRED. Oh, I don't mind. Violent expressions are manly—even in a young man.

FRANK. Young? Am I not two years your senior?

WINIFRED. I wish that I were not so unguarded about my age.

FRANK. But one never knows.

WINIFRED. That was meant cynically, wasn't it? Well, I might be old enough to be your grandmother, if it wasn't the foolish way to calculate age by years.

FRANK. You might, at any rate, refuse me generously.

WINIFRED. I haven't refused you—

FRANK (*bitterly*). I daresay I am green enough, and women don't cotton to green men; they like men who flirt with other men's wives.

WINIFRED. Don't be ridiculous, Frank. I am not ungenerous.

FRANK. You said that you hadn't refused me. Why?

WINIFRED. On principle, of course. I make it a point never to refuse an offer of marriage. But don't try to lead me away from my revelation. Do you know that any man at your age, staying in a delightful country-house as you are, and brought unavoidably into contact for weeks with a much less prepossessing girl than I am, would have done, and inevitably does, what you have done?

FRANK (*after a pause*). Obviously, this generalisation is the result of personal experience.

WINIFRED. Obviously; I have had any amount, you know.

FRANK. Obviously.

WINIFRED. An orphan heiress.

FRANK. I wasn't thinking of the money.

WINIFRED. *Qui s'excuse, M'sieur!*

FRANK (*rises*). Surely it is impossible that you imagine—

WINIFRED. Oh, why will you stand? Of course, I don't. You interrupted me. I was going to say that an orphan heiress's life is spent in a perpetual round of visiting; so she picks up a lot. During the last year or two I have had pretty nearly as many offers of marriage as houses I have stayed in—twelve, I think, and if yours amounts to that—

FRANK. Oh, throw it in!

WINIFRED. Thank you; then it is the thirteenth.

FRANK (*takes up a stone and throws it down the crag; the bird flies away*). May I ask if you had any particular regard for—

WINIFRED. The others?

FRANK. Yes.

WINIFRED. Don't know that I should quite call it particular.

FRANK. Then you did refuse them?

WINIFRED. Perverse creature! Did I not say just now that I never did so, on principle?

FRANK. Then how did you get out of it?

WINIFRED. I didn't get out of it—they got out of it. I merely thanked the young man, and said, "Mr. So-and-So (whoever he was), I am young; I fear that I may not know my own mind, and I should not like to cause you unhappiness; but if you would come back two years from to-day"—I always said from to-day, you see, so as not to risk a *contretemps*.

FRANK. To all of them?

WINIFRED. Every man Jack; isn't that the phrase?

FRANK. And when they turn up—

WINIFRED. Why, the majority are already married.

FRANK. Married!

WINIFRED. Yes; and it is so amusing. When one of them marries he always announces the fact to me quite solemnly, and says—in a letter, of course—that I may always regard him as an elder brother—breaks it gently that way, you know.

FRANK. Yes; and confides to his wife that he has jilted you.

WINIFRED (*rises indignantly*). Oh, if I thought that!

FRANK. And your husband—I suppose there will be a husband eventually—how will he accept these Platonic connections?

WINIFRED (*resolutely*). Look here, Frank, I will marry the first one who turns up.

FRANK. Have I not turned up?

WINIFRED. Come back, then, in two years—from to-day—and you may have me, if I am left.

FRANK. I would risk it, if you had seriously held to your principle. But having definitely rejected one man, why not as definitely accept another?

WINIFRED. Rejected?

FRANK. Kingsley—Sir Philip.

WINIFRED. I never told a soul.

FRANK. He did.

WINIFRED. He did?

FRANK. He couldn't help it; he was so cut up.

WINIFRED. Poor fellow! Do you know why I refused him?

FRANK. Winifred, I only wished to make my point. I do not wish to pry into your secrets or his. He's a capital fellow.

WINIFRED (*with feeling*). Isn't he? But ineligible.

FRANK. With a title and a fortune.

WINIFRED. He was much too good for me.

FRANK (*eagerly*). Refuse me on the same ground, and I will see that we come to an understanding.

WINIFRED. I did not refuse him on that account. But, like you, he wanted something urgent and definite—and he got it. If he had only shown more tact—

FRANK (*passionately*). Tact! So that you might put him to this inexpressible torture! So that—no, Winifred, it is you who need to be definite now, and with me! (*He kisses her; she starts from him, very red and terribly angry; he is confused.*) I—I am sorry, but—but—

[*Laughter is heard from the direction of the firs.*]

WINIFRED. The others!

FRANK. All of them!

WINIFRED (*to a girl in a Glengarry bonnet*). How could you?

THE GIRL. But we didn't hear what either of you said, we only heard— (*Laughs.*)

SIR PHILIP KINGSLEY. Hullo! Frank, am I to congratulate you?

FRANK. Kingsley! You here!

SIR PHILIP KINGSLEY. Just arrived. Didn't you know?

FRANK (*rather hoarsely*). Congratulate me? No. I have mortally offended her. But, I say (*confidentially*), I am dead certain that she's got a tender spot for you.

SIR PHILIP KINGSLEY. Nonsense! You're dreaming. (*To Winifred.*) Pray, Miss Richmond, let me introduce my wife to you.

WINIFRED. I shall be delighted, Sir Philip. (*To herself.*) His wife! [*Introduction.*]

FRANK (*a little later*). Good-bye, Winifred.

WINIFRED. You mustn't go! Stay—stay—your own time: I entreat you.

FRANK. My own time?

WINIFRED. Yes, for ever, wasn't it? Now, don't look as if the concession alarmed you—at least, not openly.

[*Frank, after vainly striving for utterance, turns away and proceeds to a lonely part of the wood, where he communicates his joy to certain lank, sterile-looking firs.*]

SOME TYPES OF AMERICAN BEAUTY.



Photo by Falk, New York.



Photo by Falk, New York.



Photo by Mora, Boston.



Photo by Falk, New York.

COMING MEN.

"The younger generation is knocking at the door."—IBSEN.

II.—MR. ASQUITH.

Mr. Asquith may congratulate himself on being more evidently the statesman at whom all men's fingers point as the coming figure in political life than any one of his contemporaries. He stands on something like the giddy eminence which Mr. Chamberlain occupied about 1884. "How far will he go, and in what direction?" were the words on every lip when the name of the Member for West Birmingham occurred. "When will Mr. Asquith be leading his party in the Commons?" is the inquiry that usually follows in the Home Secretary's case. Curiously enough, the characters of these two men resemble each other, as well as their sudden rise to power, with its accompaniment of



Photo by the London Stereoscopic Company.

THE RIGHT HON. H. H. ASQUITH, Q.C., M.P.,
SECRETARY OF STATE FOR THE HOME DEPARTMENT.

cager speculation as to their future. Both are men of their age, alert, cool, self-confident, with great powers of ready and incisive speech, excelling not so obviously in the personal magnetism which counts for so much in Mr. Gladstone as in the impression of driving power that they suggest. Both have splendid capacities for business, clear heads, methodical habits, great administrative gifts. Mr. Asquith has astonished the permanent staff at the Home Office even more distinctly than Mr. Chamberlain impressed the clerks at the Board of Trade. Both are really great debaters, able to give the impromptu word in the House of Commons the kind of winged force that sweeps men's convictions and passions along with it. Even the faces are not unlike—smooth, young in expression, the hair sleek and carefully brushed, and quite beardless—though Mr. Asquith's is the pleasanter, the less indicative of the temper, at once hard and irritable, which spoils Mr. Chamberlain's good features.

There is, however, a difference between the two men, and one that is likely powerfully to affect their respective careers. Mr. Chamberlain is probably a man of greater individual power than his young rival; but he lacks that mysterious moderating and sweetening influence which we call culture. He passed straight from the counting-house and the vigorous, though *borné*, industrial and municipal life of Birmingham to London, Parliament, society—the life and work of the Empire. Mr. Asquith has had a finer training ground. President of the Oxford Union, the best man of a brilliant year, he represents the flower of the trained, cold intellectuality which one associates with the Oxford of Jowett and

of Balliol. A successful, though never a very lucrative, practice at the Bar put the finish on an education perfect of its kind. Through these steps Mr. Asquith has passed with a certain assured equanimity characteristic of him. He never failed at the University; he never came to grief as a lawyer. He spoke rarely in the House, but always well, always on an occasion when the eyes of men were on him. And when he got his supreme chance during the Irish Commission, and was selected to cross-examine poor Mr. Macdonald, he accomplished his task with an absolute sureness and *sang-froid* which Sir Charles Russell himself might have envied. It is well known, indeed, that his excellent judgment—another of the qualities which he possesses, and Mr. Chamberlain does not—has always been held in the highest regard by the great lawyer whom he assisted in that memorable trial.

His career as Home Secretary has been, with the exception of the Featherstone episode, an extraordinary success. He had a great opportunity in succeeding Mr. Matthews, an able but very pedantic lawyer, who interpreted every question that came before him with pure reference to its narrow legal aspect. Mr. Asquith saw that the Home Office—a lightly worked but important department—presented opportunities for the higher kind of statesmanship, and when they were lacking he created them. Before he had been in office three months he had revolutionised the relations of the Home Office to industrial law, had solved the Trafalgar Square problem, and had given triumphant and repeated evidence that he was at once strong and element. Yet his selection was by no means a popular one, and though, as it happened, he was better qualified than any other member to interpret the guiding impulses of modern Radicalism, he was suspected as a rather *fainéant* member of his party. That he has completely established his position, that he has brought Mr. Gladstone's Government many recruits, and that both his administrative and legislative work is first-rate are fresh testimonies to the kind of fortunate genius that presides over his life. But with all his triumphs his speech on the dynamiters question revealed a higher kind of capacity than had been suspected in him. It was a speech as good in form as has ever been heard within the walls of the House, and it revealed a personality with a steady and vital flame behind it. That impression Mr. Asquith has never lost, and he is not likely to forfeit it by any act of his own.

It is in summing up Mr. Asquith's character and future that one is conscious of a certain moral and intellectual puzzle that has not yet fully revealed itself. The chances are he will not yield to the vulgar temptations of power; he has too refined a sense of what, without offence, one may call the higher self-interest. The malicious always say that Mr. Chamberlain was never the same man since he found that even duchesses were anxious to be civil to him. Mr. Asquith was long ago smiled on by society, and he has accepted their blandishments with calm. It is all to his advantage, in the sudden blaze of extreme good fortune which surrounds him, that his temper is cool and that he has the reserved cynicism of the man who is prepared to know of the world both at its best and its worst. Indeed, as he lacks the more flamboyant characteristics of the man of affairs—the wayward freakishness which spoils Lord Randolph Churchill, the sterner, but still the very passionate, impulses of Mr. Gladstone, the enthusiasm of humanity which turned Mazzini's life into music—he excels nearly all his contemporaries in the steadiness of view that comes of having a good head and a certain belief in his stars. He will do nothing from Quixotry, and nothing that does not suggest itself to his intelligence as practical and opportune politics. But he is likely to perceive the *telos* of democracy with great clearness, and to make considerable and even striking efforts towards its achievement. H. W. M.

THE APOTHEOSIS OF THE 'ALLS.

Who on earth goes to a music-hall to be elevated?—albeit, David Christie Murray did try to do a little elevating on the boards of the Empire. At the music-hall *matinée* one half of the people who go there never listen to the show at all. They like to hear a tune, see a jig, and to drink more or less bad whisky. A good thing, too: it gives one a break from one's work. And as to the talk about the librettos being so bad, are they any worse than those of the immortal Bunn? The music to those lovely verses was as fine as it could be; but take, for instance—

That beauty which enchants the soul
Cannot dispel its gloom,
But beams with a deceptive light,
Like roses on a tomb.

Or, again—

When hollow hearts shall wear a mask.

Why, for pure bathos "Ta-ra-ra-Boom-de-ay" is hardly in it with it. No, we have not degenerated. Was there very much sense in the words that even the great Mackney sang?—

Potatoes they grow small over there,
Potatoes they grow small over there;
Potatoes they grow small,
We eat them tops and all,
Over there, over there, over there.

Some people would like to hear Mackney sing again, but would they go to the Tivoli or the Pavilion with the idea of being elevated with what the black comedian would sing?

THE WORLD OF SPORT.

FOOTBALL.

Next Saturday will see the first round of the Association Cup. This is the beginning of the great struggle of the year, for, though the League championship undoubtedly shows which has been the strongest club of the season, it is rather too long drawn out for the public interest to keep up to concert pitch.

The Cup competition, on the other hand, is specially attractive to the public. In the first place, it contains a large element of luck, and the club which has the good fortune to be drawn on its own ground may reach a very high place in the competition. Further than that, as the issue grows narrower and still more narrow until only a few clubs are left in the Cup-tie battle, public excitement grows with a crescendo movement. By the time the final tie is reached the football fever is at white heat, and the public are really more concerned over the winner of the English Cup than about any great national political movement.

It is, perhaps, unfortunate that several of the very strongest clubs in the country are drawn together for next Saturday's ties. The match in which chief interest will centre is that between Aston Villa and Wolverhampton Wanderers. The Villans, as all the world knows, are at present at the top of the League list, and are likely to remain there until the end of the competition.

The Wolves, on the other hand, are the eupholders, and are actually second on the League list. It is undoubtedly a matter for regret among the lovers of the game that these two powerful clubs should be drawn together in the first round, seeing that one of them must disappear from the competition. Quite recently, in a League match, the Wolves managed to devour their neighbours from Birmingham; but that was at Wolverhampton.

The Cup-tie match will be played at Birmingham next Saturday, and the advantage of ground usually makes all the difference between a win and a defeat where clubs are anything like equally matched. Still, Cup-tie matches are so unlike any others that many will expect the Wolves to pull through on this occasion. My impression is that the Villans will clear this round and make their way up into the semi-final at least.

Another very stiff tie is that between those two noted Cup-tie fighters, Blackburn Rovers and West Bromwich Albion. The Albion have an immense advantage in playing on their own ground, and it is just possible that they will beat the Rovers, who are, if anything, the better team.

In connection with the tie between Stoke and Everton a most unique offer has been made by the Toffee team to have the match played at Everton. The sum of £300 has been offered to Stoke to settle the Cup tie on the Everton ground, which, by-the-way, is the highest bid which has ever been made in this particular. The Stoke club, although their finances are none too strong, have declined.

It may seem an unbounded generosity on the part of the Everton team to offer their opponents £300 for choice of ground, but, as a matter of fact, Everton would not be losers by the transaction.

In these Cup ties the club is entitled to have the gate, and it is very probable that the proceeds at Everton on this occasion would amount to £500. On the other hand, if Everton go to Stoke, it is very unlikely that the gate would reach more than £300, so that the Stoke club, by refusing Everton's offer, are really making a sacrifice for the sake of their own patrons.

It may also be worthy of notice in this connection that Sheffield United offer Newcastle United £100 to have their Cup-tie match played at Sheffield; but the Newcastle club very properly refused, and the tie will be played on their own ground.

Sunderland are supposed to have a rare easy thing on when they meet Accrington in the Cup ties. The Accrington club, which occupied a first position in the first division of the League last year, has fallen upon evil times, and they can scarcely expect to beat the Wearsiders at Sunderland. At the same time, Sunderland will make a mistake if they hold their opponents too cheaply. But this, I should think, they are not likely to do.

A very stiff tie is that between Small Heath and Bolton Wanderers. The little Heathens have choice of ground, and, as they are very rarely beaten at home, I am afraid that the chances of the Bolton men are very small indeed. Another battle royal will take place between Notts County and Burnley. Burnley holds a very strong position in the League, while the Notts club have done pretty well in the second division. I rather fancy the chances of Burnley.

Taking the competition all through, I expect the following clubs to enter the next round: West Bromwich Albion, Small Heath, Liverpool, Preston North End, Newcastle United, Stockport, Burnley, Newton Heath, Derby County, Notts Forest, Everton, Sunderland, Ironopolis, Aston Villa, Leicester Fosse, and Woolwich Arsenal.

The recent visit of Aston Villa to London proved a very successful one. Their match against the Corinthians was a splendid exhibition of the finer points of the game, and had the additional merit of being somewhat of a sensational character.

At one time Aston Villa was leading by three goals to love, and yet the teams were equal later on—four goals all. The match ultimately ended

in a win for the Villans by six to four. On the following Monday the Midlanders beat Woolwich Arsenal by three goals to one.

Aston Villa has had many good teams in its time, but none, I think, equal to the men who play under the old colours this season. If I were asked to give a tip for the winners of the Association Cup and the League championship, I should certainly select the Villans, although a double event of this kind is, of course, rather a remote contingency. Four years ago, Preston North End accomplished this remarkable feat, which has not yet been repeated.

It looks as if the Rugby county championship would be a long time in being settled. So evenly matched are the counties of Devon and Somerset, that they have twice played drawn games, while one of their meetings has been postponed. If one considers the fact that Yorkshire during their western tour smashed Somerset into smithereens, it seems a matter of little importance whether Somerset or Devon wins the western division. The ultimate winner of the Rugby county championship, as I pointed out many weeks ago, is bound to be Yorkshire.

It seems a pity that H. T. S. Gedge, the Oxonian, was not able to assist the London Scottish against Blackheath in their return match.

In my opinion Gedge is one of the finest three-quarters in the country, and I should say absolutely the fastest. He is just twenty-three years of age, was educated at Loretto School, and soon made his mark as an athlete. When he came up to Oxford he was better known as a sprinter and hurdler than as a Rugby football player, but within the last two years he has been making immense progress in the game, until at the present time he is one of the most finished three-quarters going, and it is expected that he will this year wear his International cap for Scotland.

Even the presence of Gedge, however, could hardly have prevented the Scottish from being defeated by Blackheath. Just about half-time, Hubbard, the Heathen three-quarter, was, unfortunately, injured, and had to leave the field, so



Photo by Hills and Saunders, Oxford.

MR. H. T. H. GEDGE.

that during the whole of the second half his side were playing a man short; but even then they held their own against the Scots, and ultimately won by two goals and a try to one goal.

It has always been said that if the Scottish forwards could hold their own against Blackheath ditto, the Scottish backs would romp round the Heathens. For once in a way, the Scottish forwards did hold their own, but the expected romp by the visiting backs did not come off. Perhaps this was due to the fine play of De Winton and Maturin at half-back for Blackheath. Both played a wonderful game, and, as a combination, were far superior to Donaldson and Thom.

CRICKET.

It is sincerely to be hoped that a certain well-known Yorkshire sportsman and gentleman was not correctly reported when, at a recent banquet given to the Yorkshire county team, he said that some batsmen—probably with some of the Notts men in his eye—should be “hooted and hissed off the field.”

I have often had occasion to speak in hard terms of the Notts school of batsmen, and I do blame them for robbing the game of much of its interest, but I should be the last to suggest that they should be “hooted and hissed off the field.” The manners of the average cricket crowd are bad enough in all conscience, without being encouraged by such words as are reported to have fallen from the mouth of a prominent Yorkshireman; nor is such language calculated to foster friendly relations between such cricket-loving counties as Yorkshire and Nottinghamshire.

OLYMPIAN.

NOTE.

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RACING NOTES BY CAPTAIN COE.

We shall soon get some good jumping races, as the prizes to be run for in the near future are valuable and well-worth the winning. A fairly large acceptance has been received for the Sandown Grand Prize, and the lot left in are of the top class. The Newmarket men of observation speak well of Sir Henry James, who is a good jumper. They also fancy Studley Royal, but Mrs. Langtry's horse has made one or two bad mistakes of late at exercise, and I do not think he is a very safe conveyance. I hope and believe the race will be won by The Vigil, who belongs to the Prince of Wales. The Vigil ran well in a long-distance race at Goodwood. She is bred to stay, being by Ben Battle—Vesper, and, as we saw by a recent performance at Hurst Park, she can jump nicely. I know Arthur Nightingall would be delighted to ride a winner in the royal colours, and he thinks his opportunity to do so will come at Sandown on Feb. 17.

One of the best known and most popular of our gentlemen riders is Captain Bewicke. The Captain, who was born in the north of England, is immensely rich, and he is not afraid to plank his money down on a good thing, as the bookmakers have often found out to their cost. Captain Bewicke is over thirty years of age, but, I must add, he does not look a day older than five-and-twenty. He began to ride in 1883, and has been frequently seen in the saddle since. When stationed with his regiment, the 15th Hussars, in Ireland, he often left by steamer for England overnight, rode in races at Sandown or Plumpton on the following day, left again for Ireland after the races, and appeared on parade the next morning. Perhaps the best horse Captain Bewicke ever owned was Cameronian. The Captain was sadly disappointed with the show made by The Primate in the Grand National two years ago. The horse, it will be remembered, was at one stage actually first favourite, and, indeed, the Epsom contingent went down to Liverpool in a special Pullman to cheer the Captain after the victory; but the horse cut up very badly. Let us hope he will run better this year. Captain Bewicke was a good patron of the late John Jones, but he now runs a private training establishment in the neighbourhood of Andover. Captain Bewicke resigned his commission last year, and he now devotes himself entirely to racing, shooting, fishing, and lawn-tennis.

As I have before mentioned, Sir John Astley is writing a book, which is to be entitled "Fifty Years of My Life." Sir John, I may add, is hale and hearty, but his hair is turning quite white. He still affects the fat cigar and the red tie, while on special occasions the white bowler is trotted out as of yore. I have never seen Sir John wear a top hat but once: that was at Ascot, three years ago, and I must say he looked ill at ease—in fact, the picture of discomfort. If Sir John had a rent-roll of £50,000 a year, he would, I am sure, be a strong patron of racing, but he cannot afford to own racehorses just now.

Lord Hastings does not go in very strongly for racing now, and Lord Londonderry has tired of the sport. Mr. C. Perkins, I am glad to see, is still determined to stick to his horses, and this he ought to do, seeing that he is chairman of the Gosforth Park Racecourse Company, which is just beginning to earn good dividends. I regret that I cannot say the same of the Hamilton Park Meeting. It is a pity the Duke of Hamilton could not be induced to patronise this meeting, which is held in his beautiful park, a little more freely. The Scotch people, it seems, do not like having to pay a stiff railway fare and gate-money as well to watch racing, so that Hamilton Park is never likely to become a very big success.

When gentlemen register assumed names in racing they should not bid for horses at auction—that is, if they do not wish their identity revealed. I saw the owner of Cloister nodding for a horse the other day, and the animal eventually fell to his bid, when the auctioneer, in naming the buyer, said "Mr. Duff," but immediately corrected himself by adding "Mr. Grant." I notice, by-the-bye, that the owner of Cloister has issued an edict to the effect that the horse will not run at Liverpool if he gets more than 12 st. 7 lb. But I do not think he is likely to have an impost heavier than that stipulated, for the handicappers have the 9 st. 7 lb. limit to help them, and if they frame their handicap downwards, so to speak, they should have no difficulty in bringing the horses together.



Photo by Robinson, Regent Street, W.
CAPTAIN BEWICKE.

NOTES FROM THE EXCHANGE.

"All is not Gold that Glitters."

DEAR SIR,—

Capel Court, Jan. 20, 1894.

The Bank return was again a very strong one, and it is not unreasonable to expect a reduction of the official rate at an early date. Money is very cheap, and the discount houses have been obliged to put down their rates for deposits both at call and at notice, with the result that for sound first-class securities the demand is as large as ever—indeed, larger than it has been of late; but as for any revival of speculative activity, it seems beyond the dream of the wildest optimist.

The City has not been startled by any sensation since the disastrous Sheffield dividend declaration, while matters are gradually clearing up with regard to the Trust Company scandals.

The board of the Trustees' Corporation, unable to wait any longer for the promised report of Messrs. Turquand, Youngs, and Co., are calling an extraordinary general meeting for the 29th inst., at which a committee of investigation is to be appointed, and the powers of section 60 of the Companies' Act, 1862, put in force for, we believe, the first time in twenty-one years. We assured you months ago, dear Sir, that with your powerful assistance the shareholders' committee were sure of final victory, but we hardly anticipated such a complete vindication of the action taken by Mr. Walker and his supporters, or such a lesson to shareholders in joint-stock companies of the advantages of combined and unanimous action. If the work so well begun, and hitherto carried out, can be completed by saving the corporation from liquidation it will be a monumental achievement of which all concerned may well be proud. If the shareholders in the Industrial and General Trust could be induced to sink their petty disputes and combine, if only for the purpose of removing the directors who have lost £1,600,000 of the subscribed capital, it would be a victory second only to that scored by the Walker Committee in the kindred institution.

The latest Home Railway dividends have not been worse than the market estimates, and, after the shock of the Sheffield declaration, have, indeed, been received with something like a feeling of relief; but as yet it is early days to be shouting as if we were out of the wood. Sir Edward Watkin faced with his usual boldness the irate shareholders of the Metropolitan Railway, and will, without doubt, succeed in managing with equal success the other meetings over which he has to preside. Probably, the confidence of shareholders will last his time, although the dividend on Dover A has steadily dwindled from 6 per cent. to 1½ per cent. in the last thirteen years, and will, unless the holders exert themselves, soon reach vanishing point.

All sorts of stories have again been going in the American market, and even Norfolk and Westerns were on Wednesday condemned to the inevitable receiver, but a prompt contradiction of the circumstantial rumours which were passing current has to some extent cleared the air. If it should turn out, after all, that the official contradiction was on a par with Atchison denials, we shudder to think of the result. Mr. Carlisle has boldly faced the position created by the dilatory action of the United States Congress by making an issue of 5 per cent. bonds to be redeemed in ten years at par. At the issue price the yield is a mere fraction over 3 per cent., so that the bonds do not seem a great catch, but we have little doubt that they will be quickly taken up, which must afford at least temporary relief to the treasury. You are not interested, we believe, dear Sir, in the Reading reorganisation; but as to Atchison, in which your large holding makes you naturally anxious, we anticipate the difficulty will be solved by a ten-dollar assessment on the shares, if the holders of the A and B bonds will only remain firm.

Something is clearly the matter in Argentina, for the gold premium has run up to over 140 again, and we hear stories of political troubles. The conversion of the 6 per cent. and 5 per cent. debentures of the Western Railway of Buenos Ayres will probably go off with success, although we doubt very much if the plan could be carried if the holders as a body refused to accept the terms offered. Probably, the 5½ per cent. loan of the City of Valparaiso will meet with a favourable response from investors, although we fail to see as much difference between the security offered by this loan and that of the City of Mexico as the respective prices would indicate.

The holders of joint-stock bank shares are among the few investors who have very little cause of complaint, for, with the exception of Lloyd's, no large bank has been obliged to reduce its dividend. The various chairmen have delivered their half-yearly speeches, and there seems to be a general agreement among those in high places that we are not to expect any immediate improvement on return of speculative activity. Mr. C. T. Ritchie's remarks have been a good deal discussed, and some of his opinions have received much favour among City men. He usually manages to say something more than platitudes.

The debenture issue of the Consolidated Gold Fields of South Africa was a gigantic success, dear Sir; but for investment purposes—well, we consider you were wise to leave it alone. De Beers debentures, which we recommended you some time ago, are, we consider, far more attractive than this issue.—We are, dear Sir, yours faithfully,

S. Simon, Esq.

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AT CIMIEZ.

A source of constant wonderment and exasperation to me is the *blasé* person who has been everywhere, who is bored by the very mention of the most enchanting spots of the earth, who turns up his nose at the Jungfrau; elevates an eyebrow if you wax warm about the Pyrenees,

as the whole picture with which you have been debauching your middle-aged fancy."

I did not hurl him out of the window. In this world one has to put up with the clay which goes about in human guise trampling on the tenderest shoots of the spiritual sense. If you were to let loose a herd of elephants in the Riviera, I daresay they would contentedly devour the cactus and the prickly pear without any relish for the scene, the inexpressible softness of the air, the infinite suggestions of the whole radiant landscape.

At Cimiez, just above Nice, and a few minutes' walk from the Riviera Palace, the hotel which has recently been opened by the International Wagons-Lits Company, there are the remains of a Roman amphitheatre. I wonder whether the gladiators and their patrons were as indifferent to the charms of this lovely coast as my cynic.

"The gods have not smiled on thee, to-day," remarked Claudius to his friend Glaucus as the two young men strolled away from the theatre. "Thy Sporus made a poor stand against my African. When he lay in the dust there was not a thumb in all the crowd to show him mercy."

"Drunken beast!" said Glaucus. "He has not been worth a denarius to me these two months. May his carcase rot in the sight of Heaven, and much relish may the gods get from the spectacle!"

"Nay," chided his companion; "thy profanity is too reckless. Be-think thee of the storm which struck our encampment the night thou flungst a dish at the image of Jupiter because the slaves had forgot the asafetida in the pheasant? Besides, thou art unjust, perchance, to Sporus. Bulwerius Lyttonus says the young man's father wept sorely for the death of so excellent a son."

Glaucus made an impatient gesture; but at that moment the two

young men stood still as if by a common impulse.

"Surely a most fitting spot for a temple," said Claudius, musingly.

"Or a bath," laughed Glaucus, who was light-minded.

I am not sure that the Riviera Palace does not embody both suggestions. It is certainly a temple for the worship of Nature, and as for a bath and other comforts, O grateful memories of what awaited me at the end of that twenty-seven hours' journey from London!—L. F. A.



THE RIVIERA PALACE, CIMIEZ (NICE).

Photo by Gilitta, Nice.

and speaks of the Mediterranean with drawling indifference. I have restrained myself lately with great difficulty from actual assault and battery on hearing this creature speak slightly of the Riviera and laugh, positively laugh, at my rhapsody about the drive from Nice to Monte Carlo. He came across me when, in a fine frenzy, I was trying in the dim light of a sunless London day to recall the raptures of the South by sitting under a section of an orange-tree cut at Mentone, and heavy with ripe fruit that fell ever and anon on my head and into my lap.

"Poetic being!" he said, with a grin. "If you want oranges, why don't you buy them like a sober Christian from a barrow, at two a penny, instead of mooning under those dragged leaves, which don't even look like the real thing?"

I stared at him severely, and then, in that melodious voice which my friends know (but scarcely appreciate), I said—

A book of verses underneath the bough,
A jug of wine, a loaf of bread, and Thou
Beside me singing in the wilderness—
O wilderness were Paradise enow!

"And Thou! Not *you*, prosaic, squalid scoffer, wandering through the beauties of the universe with the sordid soul of a *table d'hôte*!"

"My friend," he replied, with an accent of pity, "you have reached an age when this extravagance of sentiment is a burlesque. I know your scene-painter's paradise too well. It makes an appropriate background for the worst rascality in Europe. Nature has put no heart into it. There is not an honest pulse in its miserable body; even your precious Mediterranean has no tide, no wholesome ebb and flow. Bah! you needn't throw your oranges about—they are as sickly



HALL OF THE RIVIERA PALACE.

Photo by Gilitta, Nice.

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MAJOR WILSON'S FATE.

The story of the fate of the sturdy party of men that Major Wilson led in pursuit of Lobengula reads like a bit of fiction, and that, too, when most people had fancied South Africa to have settled down to the somewhat unromantic ways of successful commerce. When the king declined to surrender, Major Wilson retreated upon Major Forbes, but on the way he fell in with three regiments of the Matabele, who, in turn, were retreating, after being repulsed in their attack upon Major Forbes. Wilson's party was a very small one, numbering but four-and-thirty men, as follows: Captains Fitzgerald, Judd, Greenfield, Kirton, and Borrow; Lieutenants Hughes and Hofmeyer; Sergeants Harding, Brown, Bradburn, and Barkly; Corporals Kinlock and Colquhoun; and Troopers Welby, Robertson, John Robertson, Hellet, Dillon, Money, Vogel (son of Sir Julius Vogel), Lewis, Devoy, Watson, J. Watson, Brock, Britton, Nunn, Tuck, Thompson, Abbott, Mackenzie, and Meiklejohn. The Matabele at once surrounded the little company of white men, each of whom dismounted, shot his

"KOUTA-KOUTA" DANCE, AT THE TROCADERO.

It is no use for you to look out "Kouta" in your ordinary dictionaries or encyclopædias, since the word, even if it is not a mere invention, is foreign, and bears, I think, no relation at all to Miss Vita's dance. Certainly, the word is of Oriental extraction, while a dance with Mephisto in it seems purely Occidental. You must go to the "Troce" to see it. Once in the hall that brings back to some of us mad memories of the once infamous Argyll Rooms and the grand fight over the license, and you have a good music-hall entertainment of the ordinary kind, leading up to the appearance of Vita. At the eleventh hour—or, rather, turn—the stage is darkened, the band plays the mysterious tremolo music sometimes called the "wobbles," and a man steals in, full clad as a red Mephisto. He appears a little uneasy, as if the music worried him: suddenly a bang, and in comes Vita. A tall, well-built woman, with blonde hair streaming down her back, and a snood of sequins midway; a bizarre skirt of yellow silk, heavily bespangled, cut short and slit up the sides à la *Directoire*, a smoke-grey silk jersey as bodice, with a row of



Photo by an Officer of the Fort Victoria Column.

THE LATE MAJOR WILSON AND THE OFFICERS OF HIS PARTY, SLAIN IN THE MATABELE WAR.

horse, and took cover behind its body. A plucky resistance was kept up for six hours, but at last the ammunition gave out. The Matabele then came to close quarters, to find the few survivors writing messages to friends on little scraps of paper. Short work was made of these unfortunate fellows, and then the bodies were stripped and piled in a heap. Most of Major Wilson's party had seen some war service in Africa, more, indeed, than many a man in the Regular Army. Wilson was born at Fochabers, in Elginshire. He became a bank clerk in Aberdeen; but the life was much too slow for him, and he found himself at the age of twenty-one roughing it with the Cape Mounted Police. He rapidly rose from the ranks to the position of sergeant. For his personal daring during these struggles, and particularly for his brilliant services at the assault and capture of Moerosie Mountain, where he was the first to plant foot on the top, he was awarded the Kaffir War medal, and on the expiration of this engagement he was at once offered a lieutenantancy in the Basuto Mounted Corps. With this force, also, he saw much active service, and on the conclusion of the Basuto War he remained in the country. As a hunter, a mining prospector, and an explorer, he traversed many regions not previously visited by any European. During these wanderings he acquired a vast amount of practical knowledge of the country and its people and languages. He was engaged to be married, and in one of the last letters that passed between him and the lady who was shortly to be his wife a jocular reference was made to securing Lobengula's "best Sunday assegai" as an addition to her collection of African curios.

spangles round the *décolletage*; anklets and bracelets; a lavish display of "White Sea" (as Heine would have said), large, active eyes, saucy nose, full mouth, and fine arms.

Vita's dance is really a *pas de fascination* addressed to the sulky devil—sulky, perhaps, because it is a curious topsy-turvydom of ideas to make him the tempted. The music at first has a Hispano-Mauresque flavour, and Vita begins with curious rhythmic foot-stampings, and slow revolutions of the supple body and an Eastern sing-song of the voice. One thinks of Otero and Candida, the two splendid artistes lately seen, for too short a time, in London, the marvellous creatures whose dancing was "over the heads of the audience": I fear the expression sounds curious. Quickly, however, as her movements grow more violent, our thoughts fly off to the interior of the colossal elephant at the Moulin Rouge, where you may see the handsome Saïda in the startling *danse du ventre* so long as you can stand the awful din of the tom-toms and shrieking women. For Vita goes as near the *danse du ventre* as modesty and the County Council will allow. However, the effort of Vita fails, so the music changes to strains of sugary character, and she begins posing before poor Mephisto; then she grabs some long, parti-coloured streamers, and dances round and round him, till the poor devil loses his head, and surrenders at indiscretion. The conquering dancer makes her victim put himself in an inconvenient attitude, and then mounts on his shoulders, and when she descends he catches her, and ties her round his waist—a true Venus girdle. Anon they adopt an attitude of supreme self-satisfaction, and down comes the curtain.

OUR LADIES' PAGES.

FASHIONS UP TO DATE.

So much interest has been excited by the production of "The Charlatan" at the Haymarket that I am sure some of it will be extended to the gowns, especially as they are worn by actresses noted for their good taste in dress. With the help of the accompanying sketches, I think that some of you may get a few ideas which may prove useful; but, quite apart from this, there always seems to be a peculiar fascination about stage dresses which everyone acknowledges, and these are not likely to be an exception to the rule.

Let us start, therefore, in due order with the heroine, Mrs. Tree, who wears a charming and perfectly simple tea gown of soft white silk, trimmed with chiffon; in Act II. her evening dress is of white chiffon,

dark violet brocaded satin over a petticoat of string-coloured net and guipure. There is a zouave bodice of the brocade, also trimmed with fur, and a vest of guipure; while the under-bodice of pale mauve is finished off with great marble-shaped silver buttons, the buttonhole loops at the other side being of silver cord. Round the waist is a loosely draped sash of bright yellow chiffon, knotted in front, and the long girdle ends caught into quaint cone-shaped receptacles, prettily silvered over. It is a most effective gown, and one which is well worth copying, as, indeed, is also the evening gown which Miss Kingston wears in Act II., and in which she looks very lovely. The trained skirt is of black satin, veiled with draperies of black chiffon and with bands of jet passementerie passing from waist to hem. The bodice, of black velvet, is puffed at the top, and has large sleeves of the same material, sloping right off the shoulders, a broad band of jet passementerie passing over the shoulders and showing up the whiteness of the skin to perfection.



DRESSES IN "THE CHARLATAN": MRS. TREE (ACT IV.); MISS LILY HANBURY (ACT I.); MISS GERTRUDE KINGSTON (ACT I.)

with a high sash of bright blue chiffon tied in a huge bow at one side. Through these gauzy draperies one catches glimpses of an underdress of shimmering silver brocade, and a few vine leaves twined in the hair complete a very charming picture.

In Act III. Mrs. Tree appears in a lovely peignoir of the softest white silk, falling in straight, clinging folds from a square-cut yoke, bordered with lace insertion. It is made with a Watteau back and long, flowing sleeves, also trimmed with lace insertion, and is altogether a most delightfully graceful garment. She last appears (in Act IV.) in a simple but most artistic gown of tea-rose yellow poplin, the seams of the skirt outlined with fine gold cord, and the bodice made with a chemisette and quaint little revers of the finest white muslin and lace insertion, the lower part of the sleeves being of the same transparent material arranged in tiny puffs. Round the waist passes a sash of black chiffon, drawn into a V in front, and tying in a large bow with long ends at the back; and I must not forget one of the prettiest touches of all—a series of dainty wee bows, which pass up the centre of the bodice at the back.

So much for Mrs. Tree's gowns, in all of which she looks charming and girlish; and now let us turn to the costumes in which Miss Gertrude Kingston takes the part of the fascinating Pole, Madame Obnoskin. She first appears in a most original tea gown of soft woollen material in the palest shade of mauve, made in Princess style, the slightly trained skirt bordered with a band of dark brown fur, and turned back slightly, with

The lower part of the corsage is entirely covered with glistening jet, and Miss Kingston's only ornament is a long string of pearls, passing round the neck and falling over the bodice, where it is caught up on the left side in the fashion which the Princess of Wales has introduced.

In the last act Miss Kingston dons a beautiful gown of golden-brown velvet, with a vest and turned-down collar of light brown holland sewn with red silk and finished off with a natty little neck-bow of the latter colour. The bodice is slashed open at the sides to show the vest underneath, and has rolled-back revers, lined with satin of the colour of Virginia creeper leaves when autumn has tipped them with an exquisite shade of red, these revers being continued into a simulated hood at the back. Round the waist is a draped band of red and brown satin ribbon combined, and down each side of the skirt in front passes a band of brown satin ribbon over red satin, a touch of the brighter colour showing prettily at each side, and being again introduced in the smart little bows into which the ribbon is drawn at intervals. This style of skirt trimming is seen again in Miss Lily Hanbury's last gown (in Act IV.), which is of white delaine with a large floral design in mauve; the skirt being finished off with straps of mauve satin ribbon interspersed with rosettes. The bodice is of mauve silk, covered, with the exception of the yoke, with creamy guipure lace, the sleeves, which are arranged in three puffs, caught in with bands of bows and ribbon, being finished off with cuffs of silk

[Continued on page 725.]

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DELIGHTFULLY PERFUMED,

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AT SUBSTANTIAL REDUCTIONS.

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AT CONSIDERABLE REDUCTIONS ON LIST PRICES.

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their own Looms, at Belfast prices; but the obligation imposed upon them of
keeping their Looms constantly at work renders imperative this periodical
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"Nov. 16, 1893.

"DEAR SIR,—Enclosed I send you photograph of my little son, Horace, taken when he was fifteen months old. He has been reared entirely upon your Food, and, as appears, is healthy, bright, and happy. Although very heavy, he was able to run about when only twelve months old, his little legs being strong and firm at that age. I believe your Food to be a most excellent composition for the feeding of infants, and my wife bears the same testimony.—Yours faithfully,
"H. W. PARRY."



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"Nov. 28, 1893.

"DEAR SIR,—I enclose a photo of my little girls, taken at the ages of three years and three months, and two years. They have been fed on your Food since they were five weeks old.—Yours faithfully,
"MABEL BEDDOE."



"FLEET, HAMPSHIRE.
"Nov. 23, 1893.

"SIR,—I enclose a photograph of my little boy, who has been brought up on your Food since three days old. He is a strong and healthy child in every way, and weighed 20 lbs. when nine months old.
"I am, yours faithfully,
"(Rev.) E. S. FARDELL."

CONVINCING TESTIMONIAL

AS TO THE EFFICACY OF MELLIN'S FOOD.

"The White Swan,"

Devon's Road, Bow, London.

Messrs. MELLIN'S FOOD COMPANY.

Dec. 16, 1893.

Gentlemen,—I beg most respectfully to forward to you both my thanks and opinion of your valuable Food for Children, viz.; MELLIN'S FOOD.

My son, for the first twelve months of his life, was wasting away to a mere skeleton, notwithstanding that he had in constant attendance three medical men, all of whom gave him up as incurable. He was also an out-patient of the Shadwell Hospital for Children, from which establishment he was discharged incurable, just at which time I was advised by a friend to try MELLIN'S FOOD, which I immediately did, and after using two or three bottles his recovery and gaining of strength was so palpable that I continued to use it, and am happy to say that he is now two years and half old, and as fat and as strong as you would wish to see one of his age, and I have great pleasure (should you feel disposed to do so) for you to use this testimonial both for yourselves and the benefit of other children. This statement I can authenticate.—Yours, &c.,

P. AGATE.

The above Testimonials are only a selection from many hundreds received from grateful mothers.

MELLIN'S FOOD WORKS, PECKHAM, LONDON, S.E.

covered with lace. Very beautiful does Miss Hanbury look in this gown, which, like all her others, is charmingly simple.

Her dress in Act I. is of the palest pink silk, with a pin spot in black; the skirt being edged by four tiny frills, headed by a row of black velvet baby ribbon, the same trimming tying in the sleeve puffs. There is



MISS KINGSTON (ACTS II. AND IV.).

a draped waistband of white silk, and the bodice is drawn up prettily into a yoke of white chiffon, bordered with an accordion-pleated frill, a puffing of the same material finishing off the sleeves at the wrist.

Moiré antique in the palest shade of blue is the material chosen for Miss Hanbury's evening dress in Act II., and the perfectly plain skirt shows off the richness of the exquisite fabric to perfection. The front of the bodice is entirely veiled with draperies of lovely guipure lace, frills of which fall over the shoulders and edge the large, puffed sleeves, also forming simulated zouaves at the back.



MISS HANBURY (ACTS IV. AND II.).

Now let us turn from the frivolities of theatres and dresses to the more serious realities of household linen, a subject which always has a fascination for women, ranking in most cases second to nothing—not even to gowns. My object in drawing your special attention to it just now, however, is due to the fact that Messrs. Walpole Brothers, the noted Irish linen manufacturers, whose London branch is at Belfast House, 89, New Bond Street (two doors from Oxford Street), are just now holding their annual winter sale, and the chance of obtaining some of their lovely goods at greatly reduced prices is one which should not be

missed by anyone, and which should be taken special advantage of by all brides-elect. When I was there a few days ago I noticed a lovely table centre, each corner embroidered in white silk with graceful sprays of cornflowers, marguerites, and other field flowers, while single flowers were sprinkled over the entire cloth at irregular intervals. Down the centre was a band of very beautiful drawn work, interspersed with embroidered medallions, and yet, with all this, the price was only 18s. 6d. Afternoon tea cloths of crêpe cloth, with beautifully embroidered floral borders, are cheap at thirty shillings, while for five shillings more you can get some of the same material with a deep insertion band of point de Venise. But their tablecloths are what I fell in love with especially, for they were veritable things of beauty, and the designs were so refreshingly uncommon. Make a point of seeing them, and if you want to get some idea of the extreme moderation of the prices, send for a sale catalogue, and if, after perusing it, you do not immediately start off to 89, New Bond Street, I shall be very much astonished. I must tell you that Messrs. Walpole will weave crests, monograms, &c., into cloths, napkins, &c., free of charge, when twelve or more cloths or other articles are ordered in any of the patterns marked with a star. I also want to draw your attention very particularly to some splendid quality handkerchiefs for gentlemen, which, with embroidered monogram, are sold at eighteen shillings a dozen, white ladies' fine cambric hemstitched handkerchiefs, with embroidered initial letter surrounded by a pretty floral spray, are wonderful bargains at half-a-guinea a dozen. During the sale, however, you can get ladies' hemstitched handkerchiefs from three shillings a dozen, while gentlemen's are five shillings, and a great number of fancy embroidered handkerchiefs (all pure flax) are to be cleared out at fourpence each, so, surely, I have given you enough examples to prove that Messrs. Walpole's sale is one which must not be missed.

FLORENCE.

THE PRINCESS BONAPARTE AS MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS.

The good people of Balham had a vision of Mary Queen of Scots the other week in the person of Princess Bonaparte, who took part in some *tableaux-vivants* held there in aid of the Children's Convalescent Home at Broadstairs. What was practically a triple bill was given, beginning with Fred Broughton's "Withered Leaves," and concluding with the farce "Whitebait at Greenwich." The tableaux represented scenes from the life of the unhappy Scots Queen, who, as noted, was personated



Photo by F. Kingsbury, Wandsworth.

THE QUEEN AND HER FOUR MARYS.

by Princess Bonaparte. The other ladies shown in the accompanying group are Mrs. Lionel Prescott, as Mary Hamilton; Miss Olive Shecan, as Mary Carmichael; Miss Douglas, as Mary Seton; Miss Beatrice Matthew, as Mary Beton; Miss Barry Mudd, as Mother Superior; Miss May Shecan and Miss Maud Thynne as nuns. Princess Bonaparte made a beautiful Queen, having a very graceful and dignified bearing. The dresses of the four Marys, as well as that of the Queen, were thoroughly up to the period, and most becoming to the pretty wearers. The costumes of the gentlemen and the scenery were also very good, and much credit is due to Mrs. Shecan and Princess Bonaparte for their care in mounting the tableaux.

A dainty diary is that issued by Messrs. Lever Brothers from Port Sunlight. As a diary it saves one carrying much in the brain, and as an encyclopædia it may be carried with ease in the waistcoat pocket. In its dark leather coat and gilt edges it is as pretty a little thing in diaries as one may see.

THE "CHAHUT" IN LONDON.

For some time past there have been signs of its coming, and those who know have discovered traces of it in some steps of particular dancers. There was the Palace Theatre "Moulin Rouge" scene, which had a quadrille with a little flavour of the real thing. Now, in some measure, it has arrived, for on Saturday Mdle. Nini Patte-en-l'Air and her troupe joined the "Morocco Bounders" at the Trafalgar Theatre. Mdle. Nini is in the head and front of this offending. "What is the *chahut*?" you may ask. It is the descendant of the *cancan*, which, some sixty years ago, drove Paris almost mad. For a while it was far more in vogue in the Gay City than the serpentine dance has been. The youth of Paris, and the old age too, used to squabble as to the superiority of Céleste Mogador over Rose Pompon, and pitted Clara against Pomaré. Time passed, the dance became an institution, and other names than theirs reached fame; but the excitement died away. The old dancing-halls came to the ground, such as Valentino, Tivoli-Wauxhall, Château Rouge. Then the Mabilles, apparently the last stronghold, disappeared. The Bal Bullier, on the Place de l'Observatoire, continued to exist, but the dancing showed the decadence of the *cancan* as an art, and though on Friday evenings some lively work might be seen, it was distinctly amateurish. There is also the Elysée-Montmartre, which still remains open.

The movement began in a suburban dancing-room, the Moulin de la Galette, on the top of La Grande Butte, where some young ladies assiduously studied the *cancan*, and were ultimately engaged to appear in a *quadrille naturaliste* at the Jardin de Paris. Some dispute, perhaps, exists as to the dates and places, but one may pass them by. Certain it is that within the last decade Paris awoke to the fact that at the Jardin—the Casino—the Moulin Rouge, and the Elysée the *cancan*, rechristened the *chahut*, could be seen danced by hired performers in a style that silences even the *laudator temporis acti*.

Some years later, the dance obtained what may be called official recognition, for in a play at the Variétés Mdle. Réjane, an actress of importance, danced what one may call a solo *chahut*. The play was "Ma Cousine," by M. Meilhac, an Academician. It was soon discovered that the actress had seriously studied the dance under Mdle. Grille d'Égout, one of its most famous professors.

What, then, is the *cancan*, or the *chahut*? Simply a quadrille executed in an extraordinary fashion. This answer, of course, leaves the matter open. It is danced by women and a few men laboriously trained for the purpose, who are able to do almost contortionist feats. Instead of shuffling about in the quadrille as we do, or waiting wearily when not moving, and making futile remarks about the weather or the Academy, the *chahuteuse* keeps indulging in remarkable steps, that are, as it were, variations on the theme of the dance, and do not interrupt it. One may mention by their technical names some of these steps.

In "La Série" the dancer moves round, constantly throwing up one leg in time with the music, till the foot is as high as the eye, the body being kept straight but not stiff. In "La Guitare" the performer raises the leg till almost at right-angles with the body, catches the ankle with one hand and with the other pretends to play the guitar on the limb. "Shoulder Arms" consists in raising the leg till the line of the shin is parallel with the head. The "Military Salute" is a "Shoulder Arms" in which, while the leg is so raised, the hand is passed under it and put against the forehead as in a salute. In some rare cases the leg is raised till it actually revolves more than half-way and comes behind the head. I have a real photo at this moment before me of the handsome Chahut-Kao doing this wonderful feat. Lastly, I may mention "Le Grand Écart"—in England well known as the "Splits"—in which the legs are stretched out an angle of 180 degrees, so that the dancer sits on the ground with the legs forming a straight line.

These, and other steps equally remarkable, but hard to classify, form the features of the strange performance. Immensely difficult as they are, the stars, such as La Goulue, Grille d'Égout ("Sewer-Grating," so called from the shape of her teeth), and Nini Patte-en-l'Air, are able to execute them with real grace when they please.

What is so startling about the performance is the costume. Were these dances performed in tights, as by acrobats, few would be shocked; but in Paris the dancers, who dance actually among the audience, come, as a rule, in hats or bonnets and ordinary walking costumes. Their dresses, of course, serve rather to reveal than hide, and the *dessous*, though specially constructed, at first sight seem to be made like the most luxurious of those depicted by the advertisements in ladies' papers. Consequently, the effect is startling even to those who cannot be called prudish.

Of Mdle. Nini it may be said that she is one of the finest dancers of the *chahut*, and for some years has kept a school in the Quartier Bréda, from which have come pupils who by many months of patient, painful toil have earned the admiration of the Parisians and Londoners who visit the public ball-rooms. One may add, too, that some ladies of high social position have also had lessons from her—with what object it is difficult to say. Perhaps I cannot finish my remarks better than by quoting a phrase used by Mdle. Grille d'Égout concerning the dance: "*C'est une danse canaille, et en y mettant de la grâce et de la modestie on lui donne et du chien et beaucoup de chic.*" I may add that the lady's views of modesty are not so strict as those of my maiden aunts.

The difference between a conversation and a *conversazione* is that in one you're not obliged to listen to a bore, and in the other you are.—*Life*.

THE THIRTEEN CLUB ANTICIPATED.

"TOMBSTONE" THOMPSON'S IDYLL.

I am chronicling what follows (a *Sketch* interviewer writes) for the benefit of the non-superstitious gentlemen of the Thirteen Club, and the information of the larger public who like a little superstition, even if it is associated with a green necktie. Compared to what my friend "Tombstone" Thompson will presently enlarge upon, the coffin-shaped salt-cellar, even the skull-shaped lamps, of our own Thirteen Club are as the merest mockery.

In Chicago, off a narrow, dark lane, is a supremely Bohemian organisation called the Whitechapel Club. It has no particular kind of beliefs, and its collection of things pertaining to the "fearful and awful" is sublime and unapproached. It holds mysteries capable even of tingling the unsuperstitious nerves of the non-superstitious gentlemen of the Thirteen Club. "Tombstone" Thompson, my friend, is the chaplain of the Whitechapel Club in Chicago. He was unanimously elected to the post because he has never been known to smile. There is a tradition that he does all his smiling in his sleep, but it is nothing more than a tradition.

"Tombstone" Thompson received me within the portals of the Whitechapel Club as heartily as could be expected of a man who never has been seen to smile. He sat on the coffin-shaped table, twisted the left side of his face towards a half-bred Indian woman's skull hanging near by, and remarked that the whole place was uncommonly comfortable.

"A trifle eerie, isn't it?" I ventured.

"Just depends," he returned, moving off the top of one of the brass-headed nails in the coffin-shaped table. "Very interesting, this Indian half-bred woman's skull," he went on, "for it's the thickest skull we have in the club. Perhaps I had better withdraw that, when I think of some of our members' skulls; but I was thinking of the club's collection of skulls, not of the collection the members make themselves."

"But, tell me, what do you want with skulls and ropes that have hanged people, and knives that have committed murder, and all those things?"

"Oh, we just like them. They kind of give an air of frolicsomeness to the club, you know. It's good to have a club like nothing else, and then, you know, we take our name from a highly select district of yours in London. The tales of the Whitechapel murders were on about the time we formed the club, so we hung on to the same. See? If you like, we'll go upstairs and have a look at the banqueting-hall, where the principal collection of trophies is located." We climbed up.

"Grimmer than ever," I expressed myself to "Tombstone" Thompson.

"I knew you would like it," he soliloquised; "everybody does. Just let's take a bit of a look round the walls, and I'll point out one or two of the more notable things. Here are the rope that hanged August Spies, the Anarchist, and the pen that Parsons, the Anarchist, wrote his last letter with. Then here's a mirror which a third Chicago Anarchist—you remember the Anarchist racket in Chicago—used to commit suicide with in his cell. We have suicides' weapons and burglars' complete outfits and ghost-shirts taken from the dead bodies of Indians."

"Very grim," I ejaculated again; "but there's no doubt about the remarkableness of the collection."

"Thought you would like it," murmured "Tombstone" Thompson; "everybody does. Well, just go on. See here, doesn't this appeal to your patriotism, a visiting-card of Alice Mackenzie, who was murdered in Whitechapel? You would be interested, too, in this business-card of your other fellow-subject, Deeming, who met with an accident by falling from a scaffold somewhere in Australia. That pig-tail of a beheaded Chinese pirate is artistic, and those Highbinder knives could not help killing a man if they wanted to help it. You know who the Highbinders were—a San Francisco society of Chinamen who gave no end of trouble. Oh, there are ever so many interesting things; they all tell stories of their own. But I needn't lecture more; just look round yourself."

"Where did you get them all?"

"Well, people send them to us; I guess they know we like them—that they brighten the place and make us happy. Up here we hold our symposiums, our banquets, and when the dim religious light is turned on properly and all that it's just very fine. Why, we ought to have you at a symposium some Saturday night—Saturday nights they are held. Chauncey Depew, and Blaine, and Cleveland, and Harrison, and half-a-dozen more notables have been at these symposiums. You see, they can come here and say just what they like—swear to their hearts' content, although that would hardly be nice—and not a word appears in the papers. What any man says in here is never carried outside, so a public man can come and unbosom himself here of what he would not tell his own wife. Good-fellowship is the note of the Whitechapel Club, and anybody who comes here we honestly try to make happy."

"The club once burned a man, didn't it—I mean made a bonfire of him at his own request?"

"It did. He was Morris Allen Collins. He bequeathed his body to the Whitechapel Club, with the request that it should be burned, and it was, every ounce of it. Every proper solemnity attended the reduction of the body to ashes, which took place one night on the shores of Lake Michigan. Since then we have celebrated the anniversary by burning several carcasses of mutton on a similar fire at the same place. We do things in a proper way."

Subsequently I adjourned, as the papers say about Town Councils, and the utterly hospitable, ghastly, tomb-patterned door creaked behind me like the rusty joints of a prehistoric ghost.

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DISCOVERY OF THE NORTH POLE.
THE PROVERBIAL SCOTCHMAN SEATED THEREON.

Dr. N— (loquitur). "Hilloa, Scotty! you here already, and all alone?"
"Ou' ay". I've **J.R.D.** wi' me, and ye ken 'a goot man and a goot whisky is goot company."

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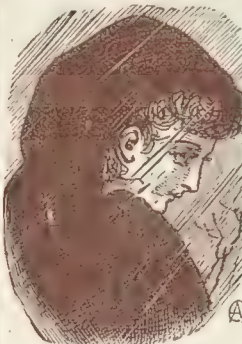
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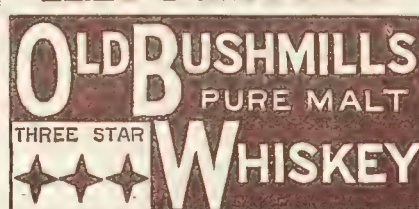
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SCHWEITZER'S
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THE ANTI-DYSPEPTIC COCOA.

"STILL THE BEST."

"Believe me," said my uncle, "I have spared you this blow as long as I could."

Handing me the letter, I read—

"Dear Sir,—My sister Mary is dead, and your nephew may have the consolation of knowing that, had he never met her, she might have been alive and happy now. I leave it to him to answer to his God for the death of this poor child. Three days after he left England she broke a blood-vessel, and the doctor tells me she died of grief. Be sure, Sir, that he knows this, and that God will not forget it. I came home only in time to receive her last words. I sail for America to-morrow, and you will never hear of me again."

The letter was signed with the name of her brother, and it was in the handwriting she had often shown me.

Mary dead!—my wife dead!—my little bright sweetheart dead, of grief—through me?

I did not say a word. I went into my own room and locked the door. The heart knoweth its own bitterness.

My uncle was very kind, though I could not escape a sense that he felt more than ever hopeful about the marriage with the heiress which should make me master of half the county.

But he said nothing more: only one day, without speaking, he brought me an old copy of the *Times* with a little paragraph marked in ink.

He never spoke of the heiress to me, and before he could begin to wonder whether the grass was growing on the grave of my grief the clay was heavy on his own.

He was thrown from his horse, and died without a word, after two days of agony. At the last there was a look in his eyes as if he would have spoken, but even as I caught the look Death effaced it. I do not know how much or how little he knew. He was a hard man and ambitious, but at that last moment I think he was sorry for me.

I lived on alone. I refused all invitations: I gave none. No one came to see me except a friend whom I had first met abroad. I never had any friend but Jack, and when his wife and he were drowned in a yachting accident I took their child Laurence to live with me here. And the years have gone by, and Laurence has grown from a child to a man, and there has been no voice at all out of the grave of the past till last night.

Perhaps it was Laurence's letter that stirred the old dreams. It came to me yesterday, and it said, "I'm as happy as a sandboy, Dad, because the dearest girl in the world, and the prettiest, thinks I'm not such a bad sort of chap—in fact, she's willing to marry me. I know you'll like her when you see her. Now, her people make some difficulty about her not being 'well-born,' and won't let us be engaged without your consent, so I've agreed to wait till you've seen her. It'll be all right then, that's certain. I've not told them your name, as they'd only make more difficulties if they knew we were county people and that sort of thing."

I had the letter in the morning, and I was selfishly sad, because he had found the treasure that would make him less mine—anxious, too, lest his pearl should not seem such to me. And after a long day in the library, where the warm firelight sparkles on the glass of the bookcases and the polished oak of the chairs, I went out in the dark, lonely and sick of heart, along the South Avenue, where I often go when the empty house taunts me too mockingly with life's lost chances.

It was dark when I went out, but as I passed down the South Avenue the moon came out and shone through the leafless branches. It touched with silver the slight hoar-frost on the edges of the dead leaves. It made ghostly shadows about the dark, sealed doors of the mausoleum, where so many Careys are laid to rest. I have no superstitious fears. If I had, I should never feel them in that place. It is so full of memories that there is no room left for fears. It was wonder I felt when I saw in the deep shadow of the mausoleum door the stir of a deeper shadow. I myself was in the shadow of the trees, but the moonlight fell full on the grassy space that lay between me and the closed door, with its dark shadow that stirred. I stood still and looked, interested, not afraid. Then a ghostly shape glided across the moonlit patch towards me. Laurence, dear Laurence! I was not mad. I am not mad. The moonlight did shine on the white face of my dead sweetheart, my girl-wife, laid in her grave these twenty years. Not the face only was hers—the very walk, the turn of the head, and the graceful folds of the Indian shawl. A mist came before my eyes, and when I could see again she was gone.

Why has her shape come again now, after all these years, to torment me with vain longings?

II.

December 24.

Laurence came home last night, but I could not tell him.

He is so full of his own joy that it needs but little effort to hide from him that I am not now merely a reflection of his joys and sorrows, but have a new joy and a new sorrow of my own; for through all the horror of that ghostly apparition I begin to be sensible of a great peace. I have seen her once again. Perhaps it is a sign from Heaven that I shall meet her there some day, and that she will not seem changed.

Laurence and I talked after dinner—or, rather, he talked, and did not notice my silence.

He told me how he had met his sweetheart at the little Dorsetshire village where he had been reading during the vac. How charming she was, and how accomplished, though she had lived there all her life.

"Her aunt has taught her everything," he said; "and now, my dear Dad, I want you to consent at once, so that we may all spend Christmas together comfortably."

"You want me to consent before I have seen the lady?"

"No, no!" He hesitated, and tapped with his fingers on the polished oak. "The fact is, Dad, I've persuaded her and her aunt to come to Lynbrough, and, if you'll let me, I'll bring them over to-morrow."

"No; I'll call on them, and we'll bring them back," I said with an effort. "My dear boy, I am sure you have chosen the woman you love, and Heaven forbid that I should part you!"

He reached out for my hand, and grasped it in silence for a minute. Then I glanced at the clock. It wanted ten minutes to the hour when last night I had seen her. An irresistible desire came over me to pass our trysting-place again, to see if, by any chance, that ghost would show itself again to me.

I rose.

"I have a headache, Laurence. I shall take a turn in the air."

"All right, Sir. I'll come with you."

"No," I answered, almost harshly; "I want to be alone."

The dear boy opened wide, reproachful eyes, but said nothing. So alone I went. But as I passed down the South Avenue I found myself trembling with apprehension—not lest I should see again that apparition of my wife, but lest I should see it and be afraid of it. I had not been afraid last time.

I stopped within two yards of the mausoleum, and stood looking about me. The ghost had gone, and the moonlight, and the sky was grey and cloudy. There was a smell of wet earth and dead leaves, and it was very dark; a chill, damp wind blew on my face, and on it came a whisper—a faint whisper I could not catch. Every nerve in me thrilled to answer it.

"Yes!" I whispered back. "Yes!"

Then, from the black doorway of the mausoleum came forth a shadow—a shadow with the old step, the old graceful drapery. It came slowly towards me, holding out its arms, and I fled up the avenue—fled from it, shrieking with terror. For am I not an old man? I saw no one as I entered the house. I came to the library, and, when the trembling of my hands would let me, I began to write. I have written this, lest by to-morrow the madness should be too strong upon me, and Laurence should never know what sent me mad.

III.

December 25.

Is this the same world? What has happened to change all things so? Am I dreaming now, or have I been dreaming? I will write down what has befallen me, since there may be other eyes than Laurence's that will care to read of it.

As I sat in the library last night, with the loose sheets of paper scattered about me, the door opened very suddenly and Laurence came in. He was quite white, and had in his eyes a new look, a look which I, at least, had never seen there.

"Father," he said, "I have something to say to you."

It was solace to me to hear his dear voice, even with that new note of sternness in it.

I pushed a chair forward and smiled up at him, but he remained standing, his face grave and white.

"Father, do you remember my telling you that my sweetheart hesitated to take my love because she was not well-born?"

"Yes, my son; but, my son—"

"Do you know what that meant?"

He stepped to the door, disappeared for a moment behind the oak, and came in again, leading by the hand a slight figure, the figure I had seen in the South Avenue.

"Mary!" I cried; "my love!"

"No," said Laurence, coldly, "Margaret, your daughter."

The reaction from that moment of impossible joy was physical sickness and faintness so intense that I laid my head on my arms, and my arms on my writing-table, and, as in a dream, I heard Laurence's voice.

"Yes. The daughter of the woman you betrayed and ruined by a false marriage. Margaret didn't know anything about it, but when her aunt came to Lynbrough with her, and found out from the gossips there what you and I were—I mean, your name, and what I was to you—they made up their minds that Margaret mustn't marry me, and they've been hanging about for two nights in the South Avenue trying to see me about it."

"I wrote, you know," said a soft voice, oh! so like my lost Mary's; "but, of course, you didn't have the letter till to-day, because you weren't here."

"But you don't suppose I shall let you go?"

The soft voice murmured something I could not hear. I rose to my feet, trembling; I pointed to the sheets of paper that lay scattered about.

"Read these," I said, "read these, and for God's sake tell me what it all means—I cannot tell. I had no daughter—I never betrayed any woman. What does it mean?"

Laurence began to pick up the papers. But Margaret—God bless her!—looked in my eyes, and then took my hands.

"I believe you," she said; "Father, I believe you know nothing. It has been some horrible mistake. Let me read this and try to understand."

They read the papers, and Margaret held my hand. I sat looking at her, noting now by the soft candle-light the little shades of difference that made her not merely a picture of her mother, but a new and beautiful treasure to my heart, if that were true which could not be true—if she were really mine. She has Mary's face and figure, but her eyes are not grey, like my dear's, but brown, like mine; and her hair has not that soft ripple that my sweetheart's had.

As she read on, her clasp of my hand tightened, and when the last page was turned she suddenly threw her arms round my neck and broke into a passion of tears.

"I am your child. I am your Margaret, too. Let me tell you. My Uncle John came home, and he thought you had not married my mother. She would not say, and he wrote to your uncle, who said, in return, that it was a mere piece of boyish folly. Oh! I've seen the cruel letter, offering money, and saying you did not intend to acknowledge any tie—Can you wonder that my mother swore never to see you again? But I believe Uncle John was not content with this. He always feared my mother would some day forgive you, and go back to what he thought was disgrace; so he told her you were dead."

"Curse him!"

"Hush! he is dead long since. And your guardian, too! It was he who did this, he and my uncle!"

"But all my letters?" I stammered.

"I fear your uncle knew more than—Oh, father, don't think of that! There is no more to say. They are dead, and I suppose your uncle thought—He could not have known."

"May God forgive them both," I said, "for I never can!"

She stood looking at me musingly.

"How you must have suffered!" she said. "Your hair is quite white, and it used to be such a pretty brown."

"Who told you so?"

She did not answer, but smoothed my hand in hers. Something was still to say; it seemed.

"My uncle John," she said slowly, "was so determined that his sister should never see again the man who had ruined her that he wrote to your guardian to say that she was dead."

My heart was beating wildly.

"Go on," I said hoarsely; "go on!"

"There is someone waiting for me now by the mausoleum."

"Your aunt?" said Laurence. "I will fetch her."

"No," said Margaret; "not my aunt. I have no aunt. It is my mother!"

We were silent a moment. I could hear my heart beat heavily. The sickness of death came over me. I prayed not to die now. Oh, God, not now, with joy so near!

"Shall I fetch her?" asked Laurence, in a low voice, grasping my hand.

"No," I said, "no; I will bring home my wife!"

And I went out, and there, in the old trysting-place, I found my dear.

And it is Christmas morning, and the sweet bells ring, and these twenty years of sorrow and suffering are over—are over and done. My sweet has changed in these years hardly at all. A few lines round those dear eyes—they are not changed—and, perhaps, an added paleness—she was ever a frail, white rose. And I? Truly, my hair is white; but one is not old at forty-five. Oh, no! One is still young; life is at its prime. Laurence and Margaret, walking hand in hand on the terrace outside, are no younger and no happier than we.

Oh, heart—heart of mine! your arm across my shoulder as I write, your soft cheek on my faded hair, what wonder that the happy tears come too thickly for more writing! And what shame, since only your dear eyes see them fall, and your eyes, too, are wet!

And it is Christmas morning, and the sweet bells ring.



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"Hurrah! Here it comes!"



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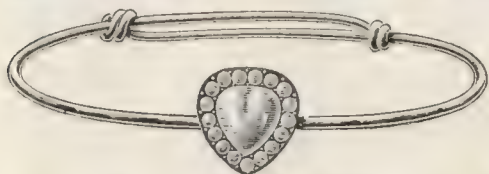
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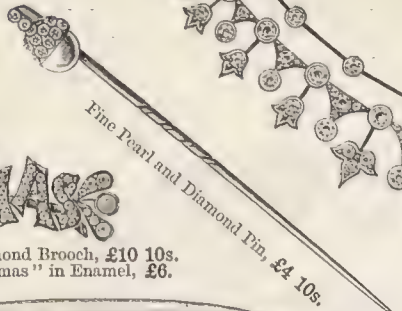
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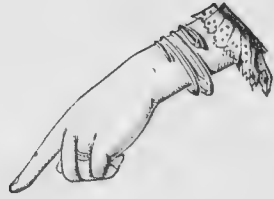
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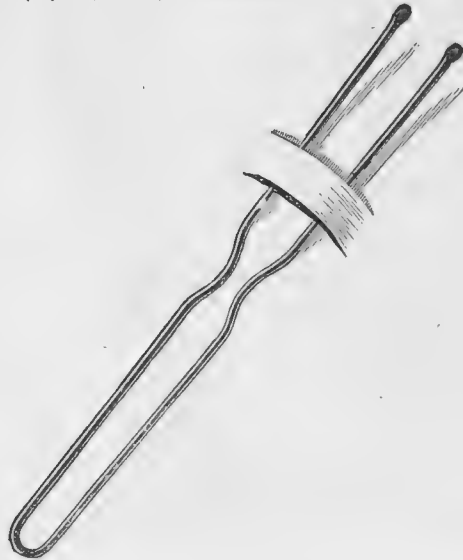
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THE "ANNUAL" WRITER.

BY ARTHUR T. PASK.

Let's sport the oak! Oh, pleasant joke!
 The sky's not seen thro' city smoke,
 No *blauen Himmel*.
 And nose and knees (Cigar? Yes, please),
 Let's smoke and joke and sip at ease
 Our *noir* and *kümmel*.

A social pair in elbow chair,
 But yet, somehow, I've got an air
 Distract, abstracted.
 It's not, you know, p'raps *comme il faut*
 For daws to peck your heart to show,
 Yet I'm distracted.

For year by year must I sit here,
 When May buds ope, when autumn's sere,
 And pun and scribble.
 To lonely grange my pen must range,
 To gruesome vault, for treasure strange,
 Must delve and dibble.

Oh! curates mild; oh! Guardsmen wild;
 Oh! maidens sweet, who on them smiled;
 Oh! haunted houses.

Oh! amazons that rode to hounds;
 Oh! artists sketching nigh the grounds
 In braided blouses.

Of Circes cold tales *must* be told,
 That hold the joy of life is gold,
 The sum and total.
 So cause sad flights to Afghan heights,
 To meet grim death in tulwar fights,
 In something—kotal.

And sure, I trow, I often now
 Cull "Annual" fruits from Buddha's bough
 (Crop esoteric).
 I scour the coast for wreck-born ghost,
 And in the by-roads peering post
 From Deal to Berwick.

Oh! Yuletide yarns; oh! spook-filled barns;
 Oh! silent meres; oh! murky tarns;
 Oh! ripe red holly. . . .
 The whole hypothec *do* forget
 Some whisky's in the bottle yet,
 Just pass the "Polly."

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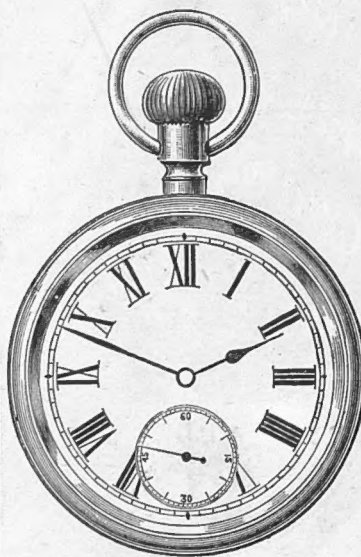
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"Limerick, Aug. 1.
"Gents,—Your parcel to hand safely. I am pleased to say
they give great satisfaction, and, indeed, far exceed my ex-
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for your prompt attention.—Yours truly, JAS. ESDALE."

"Lowick-by-Beal, Northumberland, Aug. 17.
"Gentlemen,—Received to-day your second parcel of
Jewellery, with which we are immensely pleased. We really
wonder how you can do it. The watch itself is worth more
than the money charged for the whole. Many thanks for
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"Gentlemen,—Please accept my sincere thanks for the
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SOME STORIES FROM FAIRYLAND.*

I.—THE THREE SNAKE LEAVES.

A poor man's son, who entered the Army, brought himself into the King's favour by leading his leaderless comrades to battle and defeating the enemy. The King had a beautiful but whimsical daughter, who insisted that no man should marry her who did not agree to be buried alive with her. The young soldier loved her so much that he acquiesced and married her. Soon after she died, and the unhappy husband, fulfilling his promise, was placed in the vault with her, with only four lights, four loaves, and four bottles of wine. He took only a small piece of bread and the least drop of wine, when a white snake crept from a corner of the vault towards the body. He drew his sword and killed it. Then a second snake appeared; but as soon as it saw the other lying dead went back, and returned with three green leaves, with which it soon had the dead snake alive again, and vanished. The husband put one of the leaves on his wife's mouth and the others on her eyes, and she came to life. Soon the pair had left the tomb, and the leaves consigned to the care of a faithful servant. But the wife's character was changed; all the love she had borne her husband disappeared. The husband at last set out by sea to visit his father, and on the voyage the wife "made friends" with the captain. While the Prince lay asleep on deck one day, she and the captain threw him overboard, resolving to turn back, and say the Prince had died on the voyage. Her father, she thought, would consent to her second marriage, and leave his crown to the mariner. But the faithful servant lowered a boat, rescued the Prince, and rowed back to the palace before the ship. They told their story to the King, who hid them in a private chamber. A few days after the ship arrived, and the guilty pair told the King their false story. The King then restored her husband, upbraided her for her ingratitude, and had the two accomplices rowed out to sea in a boat full of holes. They were soon overwhelmed by the waves.

II.—THE TWO BROTHERS.

Two little twin boys, who had eaten the heart and liver of a certain bird—a meal which gave them a piece of gold every morning—were driven from home by their father, on the advice of their uncle, who said they were possessed by the Evil One. They wandered into the forest, and were taken home and adopted by a hunter, who trained them. When they reached manhood, they left their foster-father, who gave each of them a rifle, a dog, and a white penknife, which, if they separated, should be placed crossways in a tree, when it would tell each of them whether the other was well and alive. They wandered away, and soon had a retinue of two lions, two bears, two wolves, two foxes, and two hares, the progeny of animals which they had forborne to kill. They had to separate at last, dividing the animals between them. One turned east and the other west, the latter son coming to a large town which had draped itself in crape, because the last of its maidens, the King's daughter, had to give herself up to a seven-headed dragon, who otherwise threatened the town with destruction. The hunter climbed the dragon's mountain, and, according to an inscription in a chapel near the top, drank from three goblets, thus becoming the strongest man on earth, and being equipped with a sword. The maiden soon appeared, and was astonished to find the hunter who slew the dragon, whom his animals tore to pieces. Meanwhile, he had placed the maid in the chapel, and when she heard of his victory she vowed to marry him. She divided her coral necklace among the animals, and gave the hunter her handkerchief, in which he wrapped the dragon's tongues. The weary hunter fell asleep, as did the animals into whose care he had given the maid. Then the King's marshal, who had waited below, saw what had happened, and coming up, slew the hunter, and bore away the maid. He made her tell her father that he had killed the dragon, and claimed her for his wife. She thought the hunter might come back, and delayed the wedding for a year and a day. The animals awoke in the meantime, and the hare foraged about for a certain root, which brought its master back to life. For a year he wandered about the world, and at last came to the same town, now decorated for the wedding of the King's daughter and the marshal on the morrow. He despatched his hare to the palace for bread, the fox for roast meat, the wolf for vegetables, the bear for sweetmeats, and the lion for wine—the maiden recognising them by the necklace she had given them. The King sent for the owner of these wonderful animals, and soon the hunter appeared at the palace. The Princess's necklace and the seven tongues of the dragon which he had kept in her handkerchief showed the King that the marshal had lied. The marshal was condemned to be torn to pieces by wild oxen, while the hunter married the maid, and became a Stadtholder over the whole kingdom. One day, when he was out hunting, the Stadtholder lost himself in the forest through chasing a white deer. Then as he sat down for the night he was bewitched by an old woman, who turned him and his animals into stone. Now the other twin brother, who was in the East, knew by his penknife that his brother was in distress, and set forth to the rescue. He happened to pass through the town where his brother lived, and the watchman mistook him for the missing Prince, and took him to the disconsolate Princess, who thought it was her husband, though she could not understand why he was so cold and distant to her. He soon set forth to find his brother, and followed the white deer just as the other had done. He saw the same old woman, but, mistrusting her, threatened

to shoot her from the tree on which she perched with three silver buttons. She fell to the ground, and, in her despair, brought his brother back to life. The twins embraced one another, and burned the witch. On the way home the rescuer told the Prince that the Princess had mistaken him for her husband. The Prince became jealous, and cut off his brother's head. Seeing what he had done, he repented, and the hare brought the same old wonderful root, by which the severed head was replaced on the trunk. Again they separated, to enter the castle from different gates. The watchmen mistook them, so alike were they, but the King's daughter knew that the one whom the necklaced lion followed was her husband. "I thought you did not love me the other day, when you came home from the wood, for you never even kissed me," she told him afterwards. Then the Prince knew how honourable and true his brother had been.

III.—THE THREE SPINNING FAIRIES.

There was once a girl who would not spin, and her mother flogged her. The Queen, passing that way, heard her cries, and asked the reason for them. The mother, ashamed to expose the laziness of the girl, said it was because she could not keep her daughter away from the spinning-wheel, and was too poor to provide enough flax. The Queen took the maiden away to her castle, and showed her three rooms full of flax, promising that so soon as the girl spun it all she would marry her Majesty's eldest son. The maiden looked on the task as hopeless, and did nothing for three days. At last three strange-looking women came to her. One had a broad flat foot, the second such a large under-lip that it hung over the chin, and the third an enormous thumb. They said they would soon finish the work for her if she asked them to her wedding. She gladly promised, and the flax was soon all spun, much to the delight of the Queen and her son. Then the girl begged to have her three cousins invited to the wedding, and when they came the bridegroom was astonished at their ugliness. When one told him that her broad foot was caused by the spinning-wheel, and the second that her overhanging lip was due to her moistening the thread with her lips, and the third that her thumb had broadened by drawing and twisting the thread, he vowed his bride would never touch a spinning-wheel again.

IV.—FAITHFUL JOHN.

When the King was nigh unto death he bade his favourite servant, faithful John, show his son and successor every room in the house save one, which contained the picture of "The Princess of the Golden Dome," whom to see was to love. When the son came to be shown the house he demanded entrance to the forbidden room, with the result that he fell in love with the Princess. She lived, he was told, surrounded by gold, and to win her he should fashion the five tons of gold treasures in the castle into ornaments. This he did, and set out with his servant by ship to her kingdom. Faithful John went to the palace first with some of the trinkets, and induced her to board the vessel to view the rest. No sooner had she come than the anchor was weighed and the ship set sail. The Princess thought she had been betrayed by a merchant; but, learning that her captor was a King, consented to marry him. One night three crows flew over the ship, and faithful John, who sat playing on the lute, heard them tell a strange tale. The King, said one, had not yet won his bride. When he landed he would mount a chestnut horse, which would carry him into the air. The horse might be shot dead ere the King mounted, but anyone who did this would be turned into stone from the feet to his knees. But even then the King was not safe, for on entering the palace he would be presented with a bridal robe made of sulphur and pitch to look like gold and silver thread, and the moment he put it on he would be burned to the marrow of his bones. True, someone might throw it into the fire and save the King, but the rescuer would be turned into stone from his knees to his heart. And yet there was a third danger, for at the ball on the wedding night the Princess would faint, and unless someone drew three drops of blood from her right breast and spat it out again she would die. If anyone spoke of this he would be changed into a statue. All these things happened, and in every case faithful John rescued the King, who at last threw him into prison, only to see him become a statue, as the crows had prophesied. The King was now deeply grieved, even though he was happy with his bride, who bore him twin sons. One day, while his Majesty was playing with the children beside the statue, he said, "Oh, if I could only restore thee to life, my most faithful John!" "Thou canst do so," said the statue, "if thou wilt with thine own hand cut off the heads of thy dear children and smear me all over with their blood." The King, mindful of his servants' offices, did so. Not only was the statue animated, but it replaced the heads of the children, and brought them back to life by anointing them with their own blood. The Queen, who had been to church praying for faithful John, returned to find her petitions fully answered.

V.—THE FROG PRINCE.

A certain King had a daughter, who was so lovely that the Sun himself would wonder whenever he shone on her face. Near her father's castle lay a dark, gloomy forest, in the midst of which stood an old linden-tree, and under it a spring. It was here that the maiden went one hot day, amusing herself by tossing a golden ball in the air. But she failed to catch it on one occasion, and it rolled into the water, whereupon the Princess wept bitterly. Suddenly an ugly frog rose out of the spring, and asked her what she would give him to restore her the ball. "I want you to love me and let me be your companion and playfellow," he croaked. And she, thinking he could never be that, granted him the request. Then he dived to the bottom and brought her the ball; but the maid, being

* In case readers may have forgotten the fairy stories illustrated by Mr. Robert Sauber in these pages, it has been thought advisable to retell them very briefly according to Grimm.

AN IMPROVISATRICE.

fleeter of foot, ran home without him. Next day, however, while she was at dinner, a knock came to the door. It was the frog; but the Princess shut him out. Still, he knocked again, and her father made her let the creature in. The frog hopped in after her and up to her chair. "Take me up by you," he said, and she did so on her father's command. "Now, then, push your little golden plate nearer, and we will eat together." And this she did also, although she disliked it very much. When the frog had dined he bade her carry him upstairs to her little bed-room, and make her silken bed ready for him. The maid wept; but her father was displeased. "He who helped you when you were in trouble must not be despised now," said his Majesty; so the Princess carried the cold frog to her room, though she placed him in a corner. "Let me sleep in your bed," he croaked, "or I will tell your father." On hearing this she fell into a great passion, and seizing the frog she dashed him against the wall, saying, "You will be quiet now, I hope, you ugly frog." But as he fell the frog changed into a handsome young Prince, whom she married. It turned out that a wicked witch had turned him into a frog, and no one could have released him but herself. So one day a splendid carriage drove up to the door to take them to his kingdom. By its side stood the Prince's steward, the faithful Harry, who had been so unhappy when his master was changed into a frog that he had fastened three iron bands round his heart to prevent it bursting from sorrow. They soon drove off, Harry full of joy. Before they had travelled far, however, a loud crack was heard. It was the bands round Harry's heart, which had burst with joy at the Prince's return.

VI.—THE YOUTH WHO WANTED TO LEARN TO SHUDDER.

A father had two sons. The elder was clever, but the younger, Hans, was a dunce—so stupid, that he could not learn how to shudder, although he much desired to. So the father gave him over to the sexton, who sent him up the belfry alone, and then appeared himself in a white robe. But the youth was not frightened in the least. "What do you want here?" he asked. "Speak, if you are an honest man, or I will throw you down the steps." And he did it. His father, more downcast than ever, gave him fifty crowns and bade him go. He first met a man, who took him to a gallows where seven murderers swung. By night this would make him shudder. He waited, lighting a fire meantime, but at midnight it became so cold that in pity he untied the seven swinging bodies and placed them round the fire till their clothes burned. But they would not speak, and so he fearlessly hung them up again. Then he came to an enchanted castle, whose owner, the King of the country, had promised his beautiful daughter in marriage to anyone who would venture to sleep in it for three nights. Here he took up his abode, and at midnight two very large black cats sprang forward furiously, and seated themselves by his side at the fire. He offered to play a game of cards with them, but, seeing that their claws were long, he threw both of them out of the window into the moat. The room soon teemed with black cats and black dogs, who mewed and barked and growled. He chased them round the room, some escaping, while the others he killed and threw into the moat. After this he felt sleepy, and got into a large bed that stood in the corner; but it soon began to move about the room, and went off at a gallop through the castle, finally being overturned by the gates. "Anyone may travel in that fashion who likes," he said, "but I don't." He returned to the room, and slept soundly till morning, when the King was astonished to find him still alive. On the second night, as he sat by the fire, half the body of a man came down the chimney, soon followed by the other half. The two halves joined into a hideous shape, and took possession of his seat. No sooner had he dislodged it than nine more of these horrid creatures came tumbling down the chimney, each with a human thigh-bone in its hand, and one of them with two skulls, with which they began a game at skittles. Hans readily joined in the game, and beat them. Then the third night came, and with it six tall men bearing a coffin containing the body of the youth's cousin. He took it out of the coffin and placed it by the fire; but it was still cold. At last he put it into the bed and lay down beside it. The body came back to life, and threatened to strangle Hans, who seized it and threw it into the coffin, shutting the lid closely. Then an old, horrible-looking man, with a long white beard, stalked in, and led him through dark passages and cellars till they came to a forge. The old man took an axe, and with one blow cut through the anvil, right down to the ground. Hans took the axe, and the monster was so surprised that he followed the youth close, and as he leaned over to watch what would happen his long white beard fell on the anvil, which Hans with the axe split in two, wedging the old man's beard in the opening at the same time. Then he took up an iron bar and beat the old man, who cried for mercy, and promised to give the fearless youth all the riches hidden in the castle. To another cellar they wended their way, and Hans was shown three huge chests full of gold, one of which was for the poor, another for the King, and the third for himself. At cockcrow the old man vanished, and Hans had to grope his way back to his room, where he slept till daylight. He had released the castle from enchantment, and got the King's daughter, but yet he had not learned to shudder, which sorely troubled the Princess. It was her maid who solved the problem. On her advice, the Princess one night, while Hans was in bed and asleep, drew down the bedclothes, and threw a bucket of cold water with gudgeons in it all over him. The little fish wriggled about as they fell on the bed, and the Prince, suddenly awaking, exclaimed, "Oh, dear, how I do shudder! What can it be?" Then, seeing the Princess standing by his bed, he guessed what she had done. "Now I know," he said, "what shuddering is."

It is a warm night. Fortunately, there is a little coolness existing between the two door-posts of the hall entrance, and the air that comes through the short, bare passage to the street is so pleasantly refreshing that a small crowd of grubby infants sit there enjoying their siesta. Vague snatches of music and the sound of a voice come from the hall, and the infants rock themselves slowly to the choruses. Anon they are disturbed by a fierce youth in semi-uniform, who makes intermittent rushes down the passage, growling horribly, and frightening the babes into the dusty road. When the fierce youth retires they come slowly back and rest again, until a short, sharp warning cry of "Caw-pur!" disperses them again. Constable H 020, as he comes heavily and leisurely past, says, "I'll break every blessed bone in their blessed bodies if I can on'y ketch 'em. Young blaguards! Come 'ere, ye little dayvils! Come 'ere and let me throttle ye!" Thus H 020, with an obvious affectation of sternness that belies the gruesomeness of his words.

I pay the old lady in the pay-box fourpence for a stall, and she steps out of the door as I enter the hall, and takes the metal disc deftly from my hands in the manner of an expert conjurer. "Anywheres down in front," remarks the old lady, as she goes back to the receipt of custom. The hall is not too full, and, considering all things, this is an advantage. At any rate, it permits many of the youths to find room near them for their jackets and lounge in their coloured shirt-sleeves; it permits also their fair companions to rest one foot negligently on the form in front of them. The gentleman at the piano strolls over the keys, the violin tuning-up the while; presently, on a hint from the chairman, seated in front of the little wooden stage, they together start. To the repetition of the symphony, Mr. Jolly Jenks comes on, and sings in a monotone a comic song. Afterwards Mr. Jenks sings a laughing song, and this he follows with a vigorous dance. Then an announcement from the chair, "Ladies and gentlemen, Miss Flo Molyneux, the celebrated impromptu vocalist, will 'pear next." The chair applauds himself with the hammer, the piano and violin, with nodding heads, dash into a prelude; they repeat the prelude, and, ere they have finished, on the stage trips a stout lady in blue, with large fan and lace handkerchief, who bows and pats her face gently, coughs, and looks down contentedly at her expansive, flower-bedecked corsage, until piano and violin come to a finish.

"Ladies and gentlemen," says, in a deep voice, the blue lady, "I propose to ask you to kindly give me a topic, and I will then compose a verse on that topic, and as I compose it I will sing it. First of all, I will c'mence with Mr. Gladstone." There is a cry of protest from the back, but Miss Molyneux is a woman of her word, and will brook no interference. Pressing her belaced handkerchief to her lips, she stares with a fat stare at the back of the hall, as though she were wrestling silently with the Spirit of Poetry. There is no sound in the hall. Miss Molyneux gives a little shiver, as one recovering from a trance, and in her deep and slightly husky voice sings—

He's capting of our ship of State, with Gordon briave he was too late,
But the good old Irish people he's agoing to set free,
To them 'Ome Rule he'll give—say I, long may he live!
And this is what's a'-appening in eighteen ninety-three.

Cheering, mingled with some groaning, at this effort; the groaning comes, I think, from stern, unbending Tory youths in the twopenny seats.

For an improvisatrice she seems singularly decided on the names of those whom she sets out to sing. "Lord Randolph Churchill? Thank you," says Miss Molyneux, and, nodding to violin and piano, gives a verse having at least some reference to the Member for Paddington. Then a boxing gent of the name of Slavin comes in for bitterly satirical treatment, administered by Miss Molyneux in a strenuous staccato manner that extorts a round of applause from the interested hall. "She can give 'em beans," remarks my neighbour; "she's a wunner, she is, when she likes. He orter a' bin 'ere'imself to 'ave 'eard it, he ort."

Miss Flo Molyneux says, with our kind permission (this she says defiantly in a manner that nullifies the humbleness of her words), with our kind permission she will conclude her turn by giving a verse on any lady's name of her own sect which the audience may be kind enough to offer.

Before doing so, permit her (begs Miss Molyneux), permit her to thank one and all for kind attention and assistance. Hopes to have pleasure 'pearing again on many future occasions. Now, then, for the last one. "A lady, mind," adds Miss Molyneux, warningly. There are one or two cries of "The Queen" and one or two of "Burdett-Coutts" and one of "Zæo." Miss Molyneux says to a man who has not spoken, "Thank you, Sir, thank you very much. Ladies and gentlemen, the Princess of Wales." Miss Molyneux announces this as though she were about to propose a toast, and the hall acclaims it—

She's the pride of all the people, and we hope to always keep her,
And some day she will be our sweet and gracious Queen; you see;
She's cheered where'er she goes, she's not got ne'er a foe.
And this is what's a'-appening in eighteen ninety-three.

Miss Flo Molyneux has during the last line edged carefully and gradually to the L.U.E. corner. The word "three" she delivers with much emphasis and volume as though in it was to be found the whole crux of her argument. With a bow she disappears. She comes quickly again, and with a fat hand wafts grateful kisses to the enthusiastic hall, which is applauding generously as sign of exceeding content. Then the blue figure finally goes, and the chair raps imperatively at the table before him: "Ladies and gents, Master Percy Vere—pocket Charles Godfrey—'pear next."

W. PETT RIDGE.